NEXT WEEK, "EXPOSED TO TEMPTATION; OR, BECKONINGS OF CHANCE," AND "OSCAR HARTLEY'S FORTUNE," A SPLENDID NEW STORY FOR BOYS.

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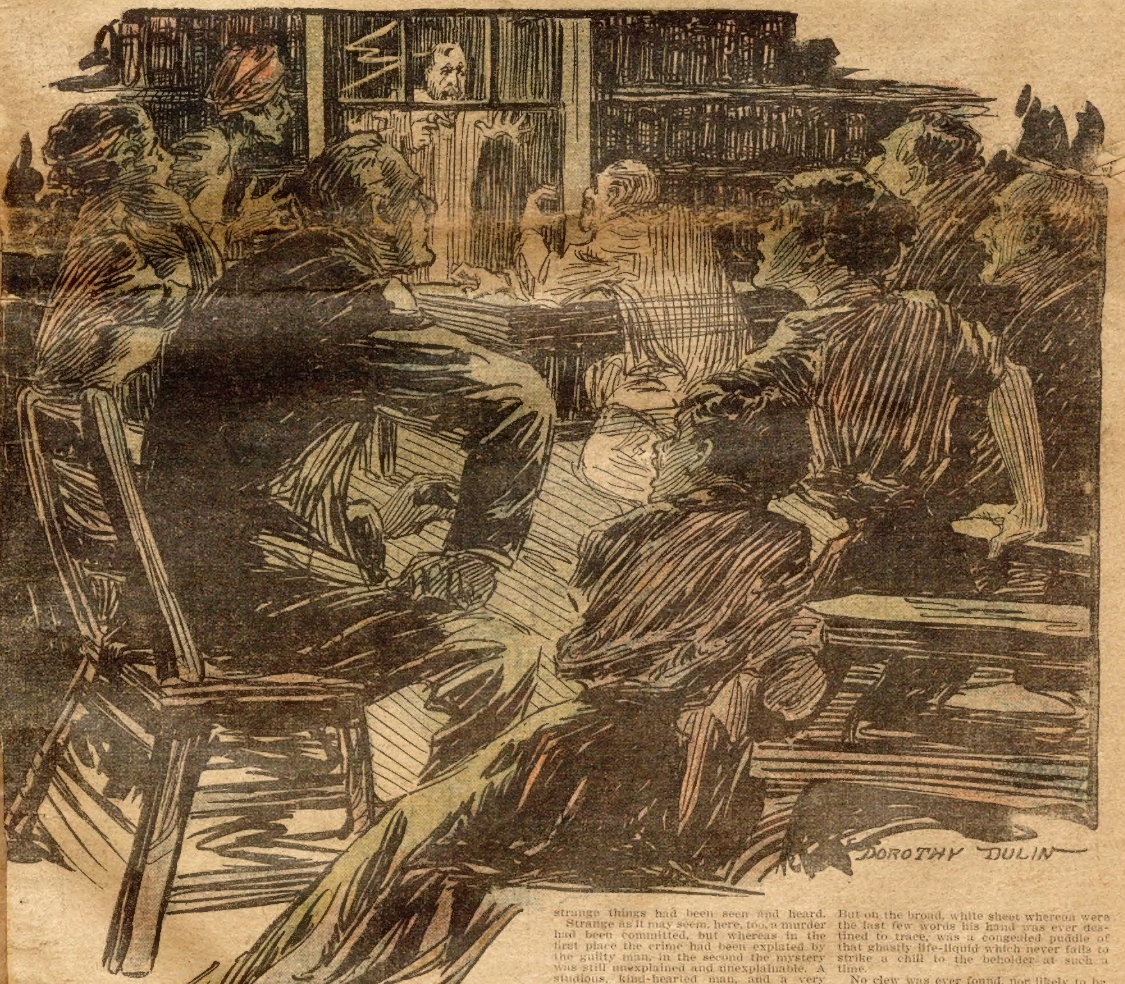
Doctor Florestine's Ghost;

Or, HOW A SPIRIT WAS EXORCISED

By Mary R. P. Hatch



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was a gruesome neighborhood. There s no denying it, but we knew all about t when we moved in. The Bowers, friends ours, lived in the next street, and told us about it, but when Nan, in that high, ng voice of hers said "fiddlesticks," therine and I felt called upon to echo it, hough I felt cold shivers running down back at the time.

Directly opposite our house was the scene of a horrible murder, one which electrified the whole civilized world when it occurred. There was woods all about the place then, as there is still in many places in Dorchester, but at least ten years previous to our going there, the trees had been thinned out and two nice houses erected. There were never any ghosts seen there, that I ever heard of; but nearly opposite, in our house, strange things had been seen and heard.

Strange as it may seem, here, too, a murder had been committed, but whereas in the first place the crime had been expiated by the guilty man, in the second the mystery was still unexplained and unexplainable. A studious, kind-hearted man, and a very learned one, had been shot while seated at his table in his own library. The murderer stood on a small porch at the side of the house, and shot through the window, making a clean hole with scarcely a splinter of glass around it.

The shot was heard and remembered afterward in the neighborhood, but the man, who lived alone in the house with an elderly servant, was not discovered until morning. That was the story, simple enough, and strangely lacking in detail when it is considered that from that time on, not one clew had been discovered to the murderer, or to the motive for the deed. It is but true to say that at the time, the housekeeper had been suspected, but as nothing was disturbed in the house, it seemed plain that the murderer had not so much as sought entrance. A pocketbook with fifty dollars lay in the drawer of the library table, a fine gold watch was in the dead man's pocket. But on the broad, white sheet whereon were the last few words his hand was ever destined to trace, was a congealed puddle of that ghastly life-liquid which never fails to strike a chill to the beholder at such a time.

No clew was ever found, nor likely to be. Behind the dead man's character were evidently no closed doors on youthful vices which sometimes suddenly open upon middle-age respectability, no hint of dishonesty or cruelty, or heirs waiting for a dead man's shoes, no divorced wife or ungrateful children; simply an honest savant on the verge of an important discovery in medicine and which, since that time, though the delay was long deplored, has come to light.

His work had something to do with blood vessels or vesicles, I don't know which, and a theory of microbes, and it was generally conceded at the time of his murder that the medical world had lost, in his taking off, one of its chief lights. The fragments of his books and his notes were eagerly scanned by medical experts of England, France and Germany, as well as this country, but all the shakings of august heads and the knitting of learned brows failed of elucidation.

Well, then, this house was the one we had taken, this house of Dr. Herman Florestine, and we set up our household belongings in every room, even to the dead man's library, without a word of remonstrance from Nan, Katherine or myself. Somehow, Nan's "fiddlesticks" barred the way to expostulations, had we wished to make any.

And still we knew that the library was the seat of gloom, of superstitious terrors.

It was from this room the sound of a pistol shot rang out at a little before midnight and from which lights gleamed through closed blinds. One or two tenants had testified to a deep groan, others to a sound as of hurrying feet on the porch, and of a grinding, crunching sound, as of heavy footsteps wheeling about. Then, two or three quick steps off the narrow, short porch.

There were all sorts of stories told; but as sensible, nineteenth century, matter-of-fact, new women, we were bound not to heed anything "we could not understand." We are wiser now, wiser in acknowledging our ignorance of the mysteries of nature. We even open our eyes wide at the mystery of the growing grass, satisfied that it grows, that the way and wherefore are hidden with the Creator, while over all is the veil which shall never be lifted to simple human intelligence. Supreme Power has still in reserve sufficient mysteries to tax Humanity for ages to come. Bits of knowledge will be eagerly clutched now and then by the student satisfied to give up his life to the acquisition, but what then? The great Why, the wondrous Cause and Purpose is still hidden from human ken. No mind has yet fathomed the miracle of the creation, nor of the resurrection and, though the first is a fact and the last a dream, a theory, as it is often claimed, still this last is comparatively easy of conception when we look at the two miracles in the light of the first as a beginning, the last as a continuation. For is not birth greater than continued life and harder to understand?

All of these questions and mysteries touch upon our ghost, the ghost that haunted our library in Dorchester. Our disbelief in its existence did not effect its authenticity, as we very soon had to own. As the eldest, and head of the family, I was bound to say nothing about it until the others did; but after three nights, emphasized by three distinct pistol shots, the sound of which could be located in the library below, had passed by and found three hollow-eyed, frightened-looking women gathered at the breakfast table, it was a positive relief to hear Nan say, "There is no use, girls, in pretending any longer."

Katherine and I knew what she meant, and neither had the heart to beat about the bush. "What shall we do?" asked Katherine, in a scared whisper.

"Do," repeated Nan pettishly, "we do not need to do anything. Out role is simply to be and to suffer, that's all. Why Doctor Florestine couldn't have died comfortably in his bed or got himself killed somewhere else, I don't see."

"In that case, the rent would have been so high we never could have taken the house," said I, "and the closets are so convenient, and so many of them."

"Yes, and the hardwood floors, and the bathroom simply perfect. The house was all repaired, you know," said Nan, defiantly.

"Not quite, Nannie dear," said Katherine, cautiously, "I have heard——" and then she stopped.

"Well, what?" asked Nan, so fiercely that I felt, as the eldest sister, called upon to interfere.

"Never mind, girls. Of course we all know the stories that have been told about the library not being repaired, that the ghost refused to be laid in that way, but we needn't credit it if we do not wish to."

"I think," and this time Katherine spoke decidedly, as if forced from her cowardly stand by the exigencies of the occasion, "that we might as well credit that part of the story, since our own ears have heard the pistol shots three nights in succession. You can't deny it, Nan, and Susan won't." (Susan is my name, but except in moments of great excitement like the present, the girls call me Sue.)

"No, Katherine," said I, firmly, "I shall not deny it. I heard the shot, and it was real; of that I am sure."

"Real!" echoed Nan. "How, then, could it be supernatural?"

"You know what I mean, Nan," said I, although I can't say that I did. "Let us treat the matter without levity."

"With all my heart," said Nan, sarcastically, but drumming on the table with nervous fingers that I noticed looked cold and shriveled.

"I am sure," said Katherine, in injured tones, "it was you who introduced the matter. You said there was no use in pretending."

"I know it. I know I did. The question is whether any one is playing a trick on us."

"A trick! Fancy any one playing the same trick two years," said Katherine. "I never did believe in ghosts, but I do now. I've been reading up about such things lately and I—well, I believe some of the stories."

"Katherine, I am ashamed of you," said I, severely. "May I ask where you got hold of this sort of literature?"

"It was a work on psychic phenomena and I found it in your room, third drawer from the top in your dressing case, where you keep your laces. You sent me for a veil, the last day you made calls."

I could say no more in that direction. I calmly ignored her words and replied, in a judicial, unprejudiced manner, that there were undoubtedly mysteries in the natural world as well as supernatural which, with our limited knowledge, it was impossible to understand. And then I said:

"I suppose there is no use in denying what is established upon good authority, that the library was not even newly plastered, that—well—some unusual causes always seemed to operate to prevent the mechanics when they got to that room from making further repairs. It was an influence, a strange influence, Mr. Carter said."

"Do you mean to say that you questioned the workmen?"

"I did," I replied firmly, and with some dignity.

"What was the influence, may I ask?" and Nan folded her hands sarcastically. Nan could do anything with her hands. They were quite as expressive as her face, and that is saying a good deal.

"The mental attitude of the room influenced him, he said. He could not throw it off. It seized him whenever he entered the library and in no other room. Indeed, it was so forceful and persistent that he had to leave it alone. Those may not be his exact words, but in substance they cover the grounds he took."

"He knew of the tragic deed, and the knowledge operated upon his mind to this extent, perhaps."

"He said not, but no matter. You said something should be done. Now, have you anything to suggest?" I asked.

"Well, if it is a ghost, suppose we meet it on its own grounds," said Nan, and I couldn't tell whether she was in earnest or not.

"In the library, at midnight?" asked Katherine with a half shriek.

"Certainly."

"You must excuse me, Nan," said I, firmly. "My nerves are too broken."

"And mine," said Katherine.

"I fancy you would neither be of much use, nor should I," said Nan, frankly. "I thought of inviting Mr. Calvert here. He is a great authority on telepathy and all such things."

"Don't, I beg of you, get any of those unorthodox heathen here," said Katherine.

"Well, then, there is the Unitarian divine, Mr. Swan. He isn't orthodox, but he is a minister. What do you say to him, or to the Oriental scholar, Professor Houdan? He might be induced to bring the Hindoo, the East Indian fakir, with him," said Nan, teasingly.

"Let them come, all of them, I don't object in the least."

I am sure my reply was unexpected by the girls, for they both looked surprised. It was unexpected to myself. "We might as well have the best authority," said I.

We are a united family, but it fell out then and there that each and all of us had, in different ways, and times, unknown to others, spent considerable time and thought endeavoring to elucidate the mysterious sciences and phenomena known by such varied names. Accordingly, we all knew about the Hindoo, and that he had been buried alive in a tight vault for forty days, and of the esoteric doctrines of Calvert, Swan and Professor Houdan.

Nan went to Mr. Swan's residence that very day, and arrangements were at once made which were to lead up to an investigation the following week, on Thursday, if my memory does not fail me.

On Thursday, the four great authorities on psychic phenomena and all kinds of occultisms, were present in our library, for we conducted them, by their request, directly to that apartment.

While they were examining the room with great interest, we girls were observing them with no less. The professor was tall and thin, with a stoop, nearly approaching a hump, in his shoulders, and a falcon-shaped nose set under deep, somber brows, which were lit up by eyes the most intelligent and expressive I ever saw, and yet they were the most puzzling. They seemed to hold in subjection the dark little Hindoo, who watched his every movement with an alert gaze.

Mr. Swan was a benevolent-looking man with thoughtful brow and conciliating manners. His kind gaze appeared to wrap us all in a mantle of gentleness, while his slightly abstracted manner seemed to imply that his complete attention would be hard to focus on any but the most important matters.

Mr. Calvert, however, was the reverse of all this. His mind was active to the intensest degree. Even his finger tips seemed instinct with thought. His personality was such as to fill the room when he looked at you. You saw no one else, you felt unusual thoughts and impulses asserting themselves. You felt that if you were not living a different life, you were at least realizing something out of an existence hitherto unguessed, though the thoughts might be your own. Nor was his influence unpleasant. On the contrary, his manner was kind, even fatherly. He was past middle life, a large man, six feet four at the least, I should say, and broad in proportion. When you looked at him, he impressed you as a colossal man in every sense, mind, soul and body. His head, crowned with a shock of white hair, rose high above the others, while his voice was deep and strong and resonant, so that you thought of the sea in all its vastness and grandeur when he spoke. The gods of the olden times must have been such as he. I have never seen his like since that night, when he filled our library with his presence. He looked at me with his calm, grand gaze, as I said:

"You must think us superstitious."

"What is superstition?" he asked. "Is it not the cry of the ignorant at everything they do not understand? The fear of ridicule and this cry of superstition have sought to bar every step of progress since the world began. Now this room of yours, my dear child, is said to be haunted. Perhaps it is. Is it strange that it should be? Is it strange that a great emotion should leave its impress upon the walls of an apartment where, as in this case, a terrible tragedy was committed? The man died here alone. There was no one to receive the horror and great emotions which surcharged his being at the fateful moment. Mind influences matter; that, we know; what less strange than that these walls should receive and embody the terrors of the dying man, and when the hour comes around, and the conditions are the same, that the scene should be re-enacted? Sometimes the influences last many years, and are so terrifying that no one will live on the premises of a haunted house. You ask if you are not superstitious. I call you brave, my dear lady, you and your sisters. But we will see what can be done to exorcise this discontented, unhappy ghost of yours."

"You have reached the conclusion," said the professor, smiling, "that the disturbance is traceable to the spirit of Doctor Florestine, I perceive."

"In this case, yes. There is no excuse for attributing it to psychometry or simple telepathy, although, of course, we know of cases where a house is haunted and there has been no death on the premises and where the former occupants were only victims of a great sorrow, simply, or a strong emotion, such as jealousy, for instance."

"Is that possible?" asked Nan.

"It is. An instance of this sort occurred to a friend of mine who is most sensitively organized. Though of a cheerful temperament, she could find no peace in a certain house which she occupied, and she was forced to vacate it, although it was just such a house she had always desired. She never spent a happy moment inside its walls. The evil force of the place exercised so depressing an influence that she grew despondent and gloomy, till fears were entertained that her reason was becoming clouded. To be brief, she was forced to leave the premises, when her normal condition of mind returned. That might be said to be the ghost of an idea or emotion, for soon afterward my friend learned that a most unhappy woman had once lived there, deserted and ill-treated by her husband under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. A constant change of tenants, after the unhappy lady left it, attested to the truth of some disturbing influence. Now a visible ghost is the embodied thought of a dying man, and in the same way can leave its impression."

"But, in this case," suggested Mr. Swan, "we have the sound of the shooting, that is all, is it not?"

"All we have heard, except some scarcely distinguishable sounds on the porch," I replied.

"Usually in cases of tragedy there is some potent reason for such occurrences," remarked Mr. Houdan. "At Leipsic a certain house was haunted in a similar manner, and continued to be until a man sufficiently brave was found to occupy the premises and receive the message which the poor ghost had tried to deliver so many years, re-enacting the scene of his tragic end with pitiful unanimity of detail up to the time this man went there with the purpose of investigation. Boldly challenging the unseen actor of this unearthly drama, he received on his mental-consciousness certain impressions which led to the knowledge of the murderer, who subsequently confessed the crime. From that time, the house in question suffered no further ghostly disturbances."

It seemed strange to hear these men talk calmly and coolly of what to us had been tabooed subjects. They seemed to have hundreds of instances classified so that they could recall without the least hesitancy the one needed to illustrate the thought of the moment. All seemed to agree that our ghost had a message to deliver, which might relate to the author or his death, and, if this was true, it was clearly our duty to receive it.

We did not feel afraid any more, nor even nervous; and after a time we girls added our illustrations to the subject. Katherine, who was a great admirer of Whittier, spoke of what the poet had once told her regarding his Aunt Mercy:

She was betrothed to a worthy young man. Late one evening, as she sat musing by the fire in the old kitchen, after the rest of the family had retired, she felt impelled to go to the window, and, looking out, she recognized her lover on horseback approaching the house. But when she opened the door no trace of horse or man could be seen.

It may be imagined what was the effect of this upon the sensitive girl, and she was not unprepared for a weary waiting of many days, to learn through a letter, written in a strange hand, that her lover had died on the very day, and at the hour of her vision.

Then Nan remembered the story told her by an old lady with whom she boarded in New Hampshire one summer, and who said she knew the people intimately, they having often visited her at her father's house. Mr. Eames was one of the early settlers of the county, and a man of great force of character, one who is well-known and remembered up to the present day. He was both lumberman and farmer and on the occasion mentioned, Mr. Eames left home with the intention of remaining at his camps in the woods for a long time. However, he had scarcely got settled ere he beheld the vision of his wife standing not far distant under the shade of a large tree. He felt convinced that something terrible had happened, and he accordingly started at once on foot for his eleven miles' tramp through the woods to his home. When he reached it, his forebodings were realized. His wife was dead. She had died at the same time that her apparition appeared to her husband, her death being caused by falling down the cellar stairs.

"This is the most common form of appearance," remarked Mr. Swan, who was fully awake now to the subject in hand. "How many times the dying mother, who has appeared to her son, the son to his mother, the wife to her husband, is attested by the literature of all ages and the traditions of families. Nor is it strange that it should be so. Consider the feelings of the mother, stronger at the moment of death than at any other time, because least bound by physical limitations, so soon to be altogether discarded. One axiom may be laid down, viz.:

"All phantoms of the dead are of those who have died under circumstances of great mental stress or emotion. No one ever projected a phantom upon the world who died with no unsatisfied longings in the mind at the time of death. A mother, dying at a distance from her children, is so filled with intense longing to see them once more that she has been known in many instances to project a phantom of herself to a distant scene. It takes a last look at them, and then retires forever, visibly, from their presence. Such was the case of Mercy's lover. He longed to see her at the moment of his death. No doubt the picture was vivid in his mind, of riding up to the porch as he had done many times, of dismounting there, and being received by the fair, gentle girl, the best loved of his heart; and so the desire became strong enough to project his phantasm into the very presence of the girl who was no doubt thinking of her lover and therefore in the receptive attitude, which is the best mental condition for such phenomena. So, hereafter, when divested of fleshly habiliments, we shall have but to wish to go anywhere, and we shall be there instantly, just as now we project our thoughts and inclinations to distant points."

It was now verging on midnight, Professor Houdan announced, and as yet, as I could see, no plans had been formulated for the relief of our unhappy ghost. We all sank into silence as the clock began to strike twelve, and henceforth for five minutes no one spoke or moved, as far as I could perceive. Indeed, we all felt that the time had come for something besides words, that we were on the verge of experiences which might never come to us again.

And so we waited. Katherine's hand was holding mine, but Nan sat, pale, upright and composed by the side of Mr. Calvert, her glowing eyes matching these of the Hindoo, who sat next. The four wise men were quiet, but with every sense alert, I could see; ears set toward the library table, eyes turned in the same direction, forms stiffened to tense, even strained attention. It almost seemed as if we were all expecting the former occupant of the library to appear and seat himself at the table, which, for some reason, had always kept its central position, no one desiring to claim it, or move it away. It was said the same inkstand and penholder remained. I only know they were on the table when we entered the house, and that we had never moved them except on dusting days, when they were religiously returned to their olden position. After my eyes had taken in the attitude of each person, they became riveted on the Hindoo, and when the shot rang out on the still air of that closed room, I did not move even then, my attention was so engrossed by his strange look. He was not gazing at me, but straight at the table, which was at right angles with my vision. Almost insensibly, my gaze followed his, and I saw, yes, I saw a man sitting there, bent over the table, with blood dripping from a hole in his temple, and with his dying gaze turned toward the window.

Such a gaze of horror, anguish, hate, fear, and at last the awful blankness of death, shone in the dying man's eyes as I could never have imagined had I not seen it. It was only for an instant, but an instant that seemed to swallow up eternities of time, and another instant only that my gaze followed his and I saw—ah! what did I see by that vivid flash of lightning which illumined the room, the window, the porch, and that staring, terrified face looking in?

The face was slightly flattened against the pane, above it pressed a broad forehead, fringed with gray hair, while beneath a scholarly beard swept to the breast. Horror sat upon his face, as upon that of the other. They looked straight into each other's eyes until the light of intelligence vanished from the murdered man's, when all was darkness again on the porch.

Our electric lights had been extinguished

(Continued on page seven.)

Recipe for Weak Kidneys.

Kidney or bladder trouble are shown by such symptoms as backache, rheumatic pains and other well known signs. Treatment should be given at once before more serious trouble arises. The following simple prescription is from leading authority and is highly endorsed. Mix one half ounce fluid extract buchu, one half ounce murax compound, six ounces good pure gin. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. All well stocked drug stores have the above ingredients. Anyone can mix. This quickly restores weak deranged kidneys, bladder and other urinary organs.

WHEN THE STOMACH STOP

Working Properly, Because There is Wind in It, Use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to Set It Going Again.

A Trial Package Free.

The doctors call it flatulency, but unprofessional folks know it as "wind on the stomach," and a most distressing state of things it is. It is a serious condition of this great motor organ. Always annoying and painful in the extreme, at times often leading to bad and fatal results. The stomach embarrassed and hampered with wind, cannot take care of its food properly and indigestion follows, and this has a train too appalling to enumerate. The entire system is implicated—made an active or passive factor in this trouble and life soon becomes a questionable boon.

All this is explained in doctor books; how undigested food causes gases by fermentation and fomentation in which process some essential fluids are destroyed—burnt up—wasted by chemical action, followed by defective nutrition and the distribution through the alimentary tract of chemically wrong elements and as a consequence the stomach and entire system is starved. Plenty of food, you see, but spoilt in preparation and worse than worthless.

A deranged stomach is the epitome of evil; nothing too bad to emanate from it, but the gas it generates is probably its worst primary effect and the only way to do away with this is to remove the cause. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go to the root of this trouble. They attack the gas-making foods and render them harmless. Flatulency or wind on the stomach simply cannot exist where these powerful and wonder-working little tablets are in evidence.

They were made for this very purpose to attack gas making foods and convert them into proper nutriment. This is their province and office. A whole book could be written about them and then not all told that might be told with profit to sufferers from this painful disease, dyspepsia. It would mention the years of patient and expensive experiment in effort to arrive at this result—of failures innumerable and at last success. It would make mention of the different stomach correctives that enter into this tablet and make it faithfully represent all.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not alone intended for the sick, but well folks as well; for the person who craves hearty foods and wants to eat heartily and run no risk of bad effects, they act like a charm and make eating and digestion a delight and pleasure. They keep the stomach active and energetic and able and willing to do extra work without special labor or effort. Don't forget this. Well people are often neglected, but the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablets have them in mind.

A free trial package will be sent anyone who wants to know just what they are, how they look and taste, before beginning treatment with them. After this go to the drug store for them: everywhere, here or at home, they are 50 cents a box and by getting them at home you will save time and postage. Your doctor will prescribe them; they say there are 40,000 doctors using them, but when you know what is the matter with yourself, why go to the expense of a prescription? For free trial package address F. A. Stuart Co., 320 Stuart Building, Marshall, Michigan.

The Baffled Detective;

Or, THE SUN SAPPHIRE MYSTERY

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER V.

"JUST JOHN MOON."

WHEN Captain Phineas Sharp informed Cumberford Saddlestone that he did not believe that the missing sapphire had ever left the house in Golden avenue, he was met by a stare of incredulity. The idea was utterly impossible. More than this, it was a base reflection on the family, and Cumberford was inclined to resent it in no mild terms. But he beat down his temper and held the door open for the old detective.

Captain Phineas went over the scene of the robbery in company with the master of the mansion. He inspected the doors, the locks, the room itself, and listened without comment to Cumberford's story.

"It's that infernal girl!" exclaimed Saddlestone, as he concluded. "She knows. Didn't she admit that she let a man into the house last night? and when pressed for the whole story, she shut up like a clam, and there I was. I tried to detain her, but she was as slippery as an eel and got away. Of course she won't be hard to find."

The detective stroked his chin reflectively and said nothing for a few moments.

"Would you mind marshaling the inmates of the house?" said he, in the easiest manner possible.

"Not at all; I'll have the help brought to the parlor."

"I mean every person in the house," was the reply. "You are married, Mr. Saddlestone?"

"Unfortunately, so," answered Cumberford with the pretense of a smile.

"Summon your wife as well, and your guests, if you have any."

"I—I don't like to subject our lovely guest to a grilling," stammered the owner of the sapphire. "You know the beautiful Miss Hobbs has just arrived in this country, and the affair of last night has quite upset her."

"I would like to see her with the others," said Sharp, coldly. "There will be no grilling, I can assure you."

The old detective was escorted to the parlor, while Cumberford went off to comply with his request. In a few moments the entire entourage had been marshaled, and Sharp looked it over from the depths of a velvet-armed mahogany chair. The elegant Miss Hobbs had swept decorously into the room and had spread her silken skirts about her dainty feet on the carpet.

"This gentleman is Captain Sharp of the secret bureau," explained Cumberford, waving his hand toward the old man. "He has been summoned in hopes of finding some trace of the sapphire. You will please answer any inquiries he may see fit to put."

The interrogatives propounded by Sharp were seemingly commonplace enough. There was no grilling. He was easy and decorous toward all, and to none more than Miss Hobbs. When he rose to go the servants filed out of the room, leaving him with Cumberford, his wife and Althea.

"From what part of England do you come, Miss Hobbs?" he asked with a little bow.

"I come from London itself—from Hobbs castle, to be more explicit."

"A delightful locality," said Sharp. "I have pleasant recollections of that famous locality."

Miss Hobbs bestowed upon the old detective one of her fascinating smiles.

"I did not know you had ever seen the place," she said.

"Oh, yes. I once looked into a little matter which affected Mr. Nettleton, one of the guests of Hobbs castle, who, as you may have heard, lost his diamonds there during a fete."

"I was in Paris at the time," Althea said, quickly. "If I remember rightly, the diamonds were recovered."

"Yes, in a remarkable manner, but that is another story, as Kipling says. Is Mr. Nettleton still living?"

"I believe he is, but I have quite lost sight of him."

"Out of your range, perhaps," smiled Sharp. Then he turned to Cumberford. "I believe this is all, Mr. Saddlestone."

Mrs. Saddlestone and Althea withdrew and Sharp picked up his hat.

"Now for the girl, I suppose?" remarked Cumberford.

"Now for the sapphire, I trust," was the reply.

"I don't suppose you suspect Lally, the lockmaker," ventured Cumberford, lighting a cigar.

"Seemingly that would be impossible, for Lally died last week in London."

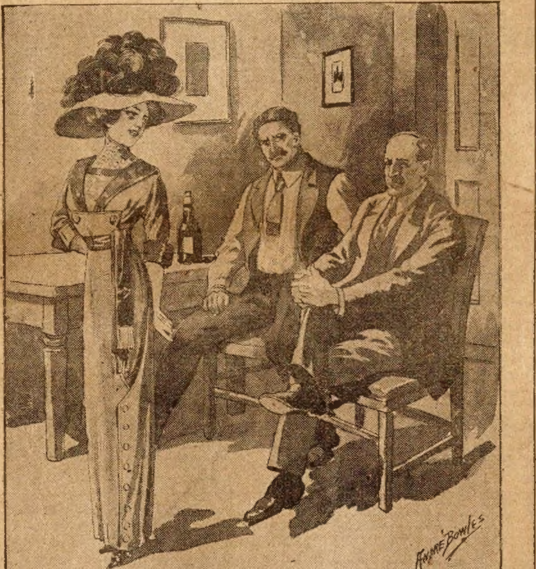
This was a bit of news that startled Saddlestone, but it cleared the sky.

"I had not heard of that," he exclaimed. "The world lost a genius."

"Yes, and the greatest rascal that ever turned a key," commented Sharp with one of his enigmatical smiles.

"You don't tell me? I always took Lally for a gentleman."

"Why, my dear Saddlestone, they had to keep the crown jewels out of his reach. He made locks for the express purpose of breaking them. He's the fellow who got rid of the Nettleton diamonds, of which I have spoken to Miss Hobbs. I made him disgorge in Antwerp, whither he went to have the lot reset."



She was arrayed like a queen.

"The devil you did!" cried Cumberford. "Well, Lally had no hand in our robbery."

"No active hand, perhaps," and before he could be pressed for a further explanation Captain Phineas was walking down the street puffing satisfyingly at one of the best cigars that had ever passed his lips.

"A real nice man for a detective," commented Miss Hobbs, when she met Cumberford in the parlor. "I was much taken with him."

"Which is better than to be taken by him," laughed Cumberford. "I put him on the track of the girl Juliette."

"You still believe she had a hand in the robbery?"

"There's no doubt of it, not the least," was the reply. "We'll hear from Captain Sharp within the next forty-eight hours." He glanced at his watch. "You and Eudosia are to dine with me at the El Dorado. I'll meet you there. It's a fine place, frequented only by the haut ton. If any reporters should come don't let them get you into a state of nervousness. These fellows are insistent and harrowing. I shall try to elude them. Eudosia knows the hour," and with this Cumberford took his departure, leaving reluctantly the vision of beauty in the parlor.

He reached his office and dropped into a chair without noticing the little man who was already there.

This person was sitting with crossed legs, nursing his chin in his hands. Evidently he had been there some time. His face was white and smooth, and above his cheeks appeared two little green eyes that had the dangerous sheen of a basilisk's.

A very light cough on the little man's part caused Cumberford to whirl abruptly in his chair and his gaze centered on the fellow.

"Ho!" cried Saddlestone, with a scrutinizing look. "What do you want?"

The little man with the pea-green eyes uncrossed his legs and studied Cumberford for a full minute.

"I want your name to a little paper, sir," he said, his voice low but tense.

"I'm signing no papers," replied Cumberford, sharply. "I abandoned that years ago."

Instead of replying the little man proceeded to take some papers from an inner pocket, at the same time rising and approaching the desk.

"I guess you'll sign," he went on, confidently. "You will when you see what I've got."

Saddlestone watched him with amazement, for his sang froid was irritating and decidedly mysterious.

"Not that!" cried Cumberford, falling back in his chair after a glance at the page, which had been spread out before him by the skinny hands of his caller. "Not that infernal document!"

"This one, then," and a second paper was placed over the other.

The look in Cumberford's eyes had become a stare.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, gazing into the inscrutable face which was within a few inches of his own.

"I'm just John Moon," was the reply, as a smile gathered about the little man's mouth.

"You might as well say that you are the whole planetary system. I would be just as well informed."

"No, I'm just Moon," smiled the little man.

"You're full, then."

"Unlike the real moon, I never get that way," with another smirk. "You won't sign, eh?"

"Never, sir."

"All right," and the skinny hands began to gather up the papers.

"No you don't!" cried Cumberford, reaching for the documents. "I want those papers!"

But already they were in the little man's possession and Cumberford was on his feet.

"Stand where you are!" he cried in commanding tones. "Don't throw your hand toward your pocket, sir."

"I've got nothing there," and John Moon proved it by turning his pockets wrong side out. "You've got a revolver in your pocket."

"I have," grinned Cumberford.

"That's where you've got me," was the cool reply. "If I am not back at a certain place within an hour the wheels will begin to turn."

An ashen pallor swept across Saddlestone's face and his moving hand stood still.

"Good morning, Mr. Saddlestone," said Moon, with mock deference. "I'll see you later," and the man was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

QUEEN OF TINPLATE ALLEY.

Tinplate alley was not the abode of the aristocracy.

It was a place where few good people went at any time, the home of the crook, the retreat of the evildoer, and when an officer wanted to find certain criminals he went down into its purlieus and fished out his prey.

On the morning after the theft of the Saddletone sapphire, in one of the dens of Tinplate alley a man was seated in a chair at a small deal table with a black-looking bottle before him. On a cot in one corner of the room lay the form of a woman not very well dressed, a woman who might have reached the fortieth milestone of the primrose way, with a round but rather prepossessing face and a pair of large, lustrous eyes, which a life of crime had not darkened.

The man, who was looking over a newspaper, suddenly gave a little cry which attracted the woman and she raised her head and gazed at him.

"Well, of all things!" cried the man, who was about the woman's age. "She's over here and is mixed up in a beautiful affair."

"Who's over here?" exclaimed the occupant of the cot, springing up and reaching his side with a single bound.

He thrust the paper into her hands and leaned back in the chair.

"I'm dashed if she isn't on this side of the water," she said, after a glance. "And with the Saddlestones, at that. I say, Jasper, I'm going to call."

"And be kicked out of the house, eh?" grinned the man. "You'll do nothing of the kind."

"I won't be ejected."

She flung the paper upon the table and posed before a gilded mirror at one side of the room.

"Of course, I'm not the butterfly I used to

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be," she laughed, grinning over her shoulder at her companion. "My wings have been singed and I've lost some of my world-wide beauty, but I can't miss the chance of seeing the divine Althea again."

"Nonsense! She'll turn you over to the police."

"Will she?"

"Yes, and you'll keep your distance. The Saddlestone sapphire is gone and there's ten thousand out for its return. We'd better go after the long green."

"I'd sooner see Althea," demurred the woman. "We used to be old acquaintances——"

"You've told me that before, Mag, but I never believed it."

"You didn't, eh?" and she came toward him, her face flushed and her step like the bounding leap of a tigress. "You don't know what sort o' friends I've had."

"Please don't catalog them," said the man. "I don't care to hear the inventory," and he took up the bottle, which the woman with a sudden movement knocked from his hand. "This story about you knowing Miss Hobbs is all gammon. I know her rather well myself and that's why I was startled by her name in the paper."

The woman went back to the cot and sat down.

"When will John return?" she asked.

"He ought to be back by now," was the reply.

"And he'll come empty handed, of course?"

"I'm not so sure of that, Mag."

"Cumberford Saddlestone is no fool," vociferated the woman with sweeping gesture. "It's plain blackmail and he can see it in a flash."

"But all the same we've got the grip on him. Moon understands his business."

He had hardly ceased speaking when the door was flung open and John Moon made his appearance.

"Here's your emissary!" cried the woman, with a glance at the newcomer. "And he's empty-handed, of course."

John Moon advanced and twisted a chair about for his convenience and sat down. His face was an enigma.

"He signed, didn't he?" cried the man called Jasper, leaning toward Moon.

"Does that look like it?"; and Moon threw some papers on the table, which Jasper took up and opened.

"You didn't find him, then?"

"Certainly I found him," was the reply.

"And he refused?"

"That's what he did."

"The villain!" cried Jasper.

"What else did you expect him to do?" exclaimed the woman from the cot.

"Tell me all, John. How did he act?"

Moon proceeded to relate all that had passed between him and Cumberford, embellishing the narrative with expletives not very complimentary to the owner of the sapphire.

"Well try another twist," cried Jasper. "We'll bring him round. I suspect he is all torn up over the sapphire."

"He didn't mention it," said Moon, "and I didn't refer to the gem. It wasn't my business, you know."

"Certainly not." Jasper reflected a moment. "What do you think Mag wants to do?"

"Fly to the pole, I suppose, for she's as full of notions as a dog is of fleas."

"No, she wants to visit the elegant Miss Hobbs."

John Moon turned his inscrutable face upon the woman and eyed her for a minute.

"Why, you'd get fired out, Mag!" he exclaimed.

"That's what I told her," answered Jasper. "It would be Medusa visiting Venus, or something like it," and the speaker broke into a laugh which sent waves of crimson over the woman's cheeks.

She resented his remark with a look and a pursing of her lips.

"Come, now, Mag," proceeded John Moon, "don't spoil the whole game by trying to get next to the English beauty. She's 'way up in the scale o' society——"

"And I'm 'way down at the bottom, eh?"

"I won't say that, but there's a barrier between you two women."

"I'm a barrier breaker," and Mag rose to her feet and posed strikingly before the two men. "Didn't I used to be in society over there? Wasn't I once the courted, the adored, the exquisite, the wonderful——"

"You'll run out of adjectives if you keep on," interjected Jasper, laughing raucously.

"I was once the beautiful Miss Henderson. Sir Courtney Malloy once took me to the duke's reception——"

"But just now you'd be a dimmed star there," put in Jasper. "Come, Mag——"

"The famous Miss Henderson, if you please."

"Oh, I'll call you the Queen of Sheba, if you insist."

"She's dead," laughed the woman.

Jasper turned abruptly upon John Moon. The woman slipped from the room and closed the door with a bang.

"She's cranky," commented Jasper.

"But she won't try to see Miss Hobbs?" exclaimed Moon.

"Of course she won't. She'll get over that in a few minutes. So Saddlestone has lost the stone?"

"Yes."

"I've read the papers. It went last night. The whole deuced thing is mysterious. Miss Hobbs was to have worn it at the reception. I never heard of just such an event. Whom do they suspect?"

"I'm all in the dark," answered John Moon. "If Cumberford hadn't been so intractable I might have pumped him. Maybe if Mag could get into the house on Golden avenue she might get onto their suspicions."

"But Mag mustn't go there!" said Jasper, emphatically, "What if Althea recognized her? I say we must try Cumberford again."

"Yes."

"The next time we'll bring blood. By George! I'd like to know where the sapphire went. Maybe it wasn't stolen at all."

John Moon said nothing, but ran his hand abstractedly through his grayish hair.

"Funny, isn't it?" he suddenly said, looking into Jasper's face.

"What's funny?"

"Why, that the elegant Miss Hobbs should come over here just at this time?"

"Oh, I suppose the Saddlestones invited her. They flashed across the continent several years ago and poked their noses into all sorts of society. Probably they actually got into Hobbs Castle. Maybe it was the sapphire. It is a big drawing card. There are ten thousand women who would cross the water just to wear it for a single night. Some women are jewel mad."

John Moon was pursing his lips to reply when the rear door opened and Mag flitted into the room. The metamorphosis was startling. She was arrayed like a queen and in such garments as had never before been gazed upon in Tinplate alley.

John Moon and his companion were instantly agape.

Mag made a low curtsy and swept her hands grandly in their faces.

"I'm off!" she cried. "Won't I look swell before my old friend, Althea?"

"What?" cried Jasper, springing up and sending the chair toppling. "You don't mean that, Mag?"

"Why not? I'm the lovely Miss Henderson once more. The worm of Tinplate alley is a golden butterfly!" and she pirouetted toward the door with a laugh that made the whole place ring.

CHAPTER VII.

A STORMY VISITATION.

If Mr. Cumberford Saddlestone imagined that the adventures of the day were over he was grievously mistaken. Not satisfied with the actions of Phineas Sharp, detective, he had gone to one of the plain-clothes men, who were present at his house during the excitement that followed the theft of the sapphire, and urged him to find and arrest Juliette Drosser, the pretty maid.

After this he repaired to the El Dorado where he had promised to meet his wife and the elegant Miss Hobbs at luncheon. A most sumptuous repast was spread before the trio, for the El Dorado was famed for its menu and they had a most delightful time. Miss Hobbs, with her jaunty foreign ways, was the observed of all observers, and Cumberford did the right thing in entertaining her royally.

After luncheon all went out in Cumberford's motor car, and Miss Hobbs was shown all that was worth seeing in the city. Upon the return to the mansion in Golden avenue, Saddlestone donned his smoking jacket and repaired to the library for a quiet hour with the papers and his cigar.

He was interrupted in a short time by a ring over the telephone and learned from his man that Juliette had been found and placed under arrest, charged with being implicated in the theft of the great gem. He was satisfied with the tidings.

"They'll get the whole thing out of the girl," he exclaimed. "She can't withstand the sweat box. It won't be long till I have the sapphire back, and then Althea can see it scintillate on her bosom. I fancy I have some detective acumen myself, and Captain Sharp must look to his own laurels."

He was just finishing his third "Fedora" when the bell rang musically and he heard in the hall the sound of the maid's feet.

"A gentleman, sir," said the girl, as she entered the library bearing in her hand a card which she laid before Cumberford.

Saddlestone picked up the little pasteboard and glanced at the name thereon.

"Cushman King, eh?" he exclaimed. "I haven't the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance. Admit him, Fidette."

The girl slipped away, and in another moment the door opened to admit a young man of two and twenty, who bowed rather stiffly as he centered his eyes on Cumberford.

"What is it, sir?" asked Saddlestone, in a business-like manner. "You are Mr. King, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Have a seat, Mr. King," and the owner of the lost stone gestured toward a chair.

"I have called, Mr. Saddlestone, to right a great wrong that has been done an innocent person," his caller began.

"That's real nice of you, I'm sure," was the reply. "The innocent should always be protected, but I cannot conceive why you should come to me with this information."

"Miss Juliette Drosser has been arrested and upon your suggestion, I understand?"

Cumberford flushed a little and winced. The eyes of his caller were still fastened upon him.

"I'll admit that I had something to do with the girl's arrest," he answered superciliously. "But, truth to tell, she herself is to blame for her present predicament."

"Miss Drosser is innocent of any act connected with the disappearance of the Saddlestone sapphire."

"That is your individual opinion," said Cumberford.

"It is the truth!" replied Cushman King, with a display of acerbity. "Miss Drosser is wholly innocent."

"I don't consider it necessary to discuss this point with you. The law must take its course."

"Upon what do you base your charge of theft?"

"Upon some very incriminating evidence."

"You have no proof at all. I will stand sponsor for Miss Drosser's innocence."

"Bless you, sir," cried Saddlestone, "the girl herself threw about her the network of guilt. Her actions, to say the least, are very incriminating. She admitted to this house under cover of night a strange man and she persistently refuses to reveal his identity."

"I am that man," said Cushman King, boldly. "You see before you, Mr. Saddlestone, the person whom Juliette admitted to these premises."

Saddlestone was visibly staggered.

"This is deucedly cool of you," he managed to say, while looking at his unperturbed caller. "So you're the fellow, eh?"

"At your service, sir."

"Then where is the sapphire?"

A little smile gathered at Cushman King's mouth.

"You will have to look elsewhere for it," said he. "I have called not only to assert Juliette's innocence, but to ask you to have her released from custody."

"By George! there's nothing modest about you, Mr. King!" almost roared the smoker in the easy chair.

"You will not have her dismissed?"

"Not until she dismisses herself by proving herself guiltless."

King leaned toward Cumberford and looked straight into his somewhat bloodless face.

"You're a rascal!" came slowly over his lips, as his eyes never moved. "You're one of those vipers that deserve to be crushed by the honest heel."

"Wha—what's that?" and the next minute Cumberford was on his feet striding madly toward the telephone on the opposite wall.

"Not so fast!" cried Cushman King, bounding after him and grasping his arm. "I'm going to have my say out without being interrupted." He whirled Cumberford around like a top and threw him heavily into the chair. "Now you will hear me?"

Saddlestone's face went purplish. He stared over his cheeks at his visitor and almost frothed at the mouth. Such a cool proceeding had never taken place beneath his roof.

"I say you're a beast!" continued Cushman King, standing over his breathless adversary. "I have told you that I am the man whom Juliette admitted to this house. It was all my fault, my curiosity. I wanted to inspect your paintings, for I'm an artist, and it was at my suggestion that Juliette let me in."

"Why didn't you come in broad daylight?"

"Simply because one of my brother artists who wished to see your pictures was refused admission and came very near being ejected from the step by your butler."

"I believe Sam did threaten to put one of these penny painters out."

"That is why I entered your house after dark. Nothing was taken but a few looks at your collection. I didn't even learn where you kept the sapphire. When I got through with my inspection Juliette let me out and I thought the incident was closed."

Cumberford was silent for a moment, during which time he reloaded his batteries.

"That's a very well-designed story," he said with a perceptible sneer. "But it won't go in this house."

"What!" cried King, taking a menacing step nearer, "you refuse to believe me?"

"Yes, without proof besides yourself and the girl."

"And you intend to subject Juliette to the infamy of a public hearing?"

"That's my intention, sir."

For a moment it seemed as though Cushman King was about to retire, but suddenly, bending forward, his hand fell upon Cumberford's shoulder like a trip-hammer.

"I'm minded to jumble together every bone in your body!" he exclaimed fiercely. "You're one of these parvenus who have no regard for female innocence. I repeat that the girl is guiltless. She is suffering for my curiosity."

"And you are her champion, I suppose?" stammered Cumberford.

"Her champion and her lover," was the reply. "Come, act like a man. See that the charge is retracted."

"I'll do nothing of the kind—not yet."

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG;

Or, THE ARCTIC WARRIORS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER X.

ALL FOR DOROTHY.

FIRED with ambition to serve the captain's daughter Ruel plunged forward, planning to intercept the kidnapers before they had passed from the circle of light, but, unfortunately for his desires, one of his own men, who had just leaped to his feet, got in his way, they collided, and Ruel was tripped and dashed to the snowy surface.

He received a severe shock, but, being speedily up again, hung tenaciously to his purpose. The kidnapers were disappearing in the darkness, but the mate plunged after them at full speed.

He was not alone. Every tar on the Dancing Peggy's shipping-list was a devoted admirer of the captain's girls, and when they saw Dorothy in the hands of the rival sailors they sprang to her aid. A few yards beyond the camp the side of Castle Columbus made a slight curve. Ruel had reached this point when there was a great crash almost at his feet. A block of ice had fallen from the top of the Castle and been shivered to pieces as it landed. A few feet more and it would have crushed the mate.

This seemed to be mere chance, but as Ruel, after a momentary recoil, started again, down came another block. Once more he was narrowly missed.

"Some of the gang are up aloft!" cried Jerry. "They want to smash us flat. Look out, sir!"

Ruel was willing to look out, for he valued life, but all the while the kidnapers were gaining, and that would never do. He swept about in a detour, placing space enough between himself and the dome to baffle the ice bombardment, and then hurried along in pursuit.

The night was dark, with black clouds athwart the sky, and into the gloom the abductors had gone and left no sign. He did not let this check his movements, and after a concentrated attempt to hear a cry which would enable him to locate the imperiled girl, he ran ahead at full speed. Jerry Boxx developed astonishing speed for one of his heavy build and kept by his side.

"That was a miserable trick, sir!" cried the sailor. "Hiram Piper's errand was never anything more or less than to get our attention absorbed, an' then his mates snaked the gal away."

"They are knaves and fools!" grated Ruel.

"Knaves I grant ye, but fools—well, somebody played a slick trick. That poor gal—will they dare to kill her?"

"Only the devils themselves know."

"I wouldn't have thought it. That pretty, nice-spoken gal, too! Why, we all loved her as as love our lives——"

"Hurry, Jerry, hurry! Do you see nothing, hear nothing?"

"Nothin', sir. It might be a dead world beyond us."

"On, mate, on!"

It was well said, and these two leaders were even more willing than their fellows who plunged along in their rear, but at that moment Jerry lurched forward and fell. A crevasse, only three feet deep, but enough to work its mischief, made a pitfall. Stepping into this in the darkness Boxx brought up with a thump. He groaned and lay struggling.

"Broken arm, I guess!" he roared presently. "Don't stop for me, sir. Race them down, blast their plug-ugly, carrion old hides! Eh?—what was that?"

"Pistol shots!"

"Where, where?"

"Back at Castle Columbus! Great heavens! it's a part of the plot. We have been lured away to save Dorothy, and now the camp is attacked."

"Hear them pistols crack!" roared Jerry. "That may mean death to our mates."

"Tom Minker is trying to steal our food and clothing. It's a raid on the stores. In spite of that, my duty lies with the captain's daughter. Are you badly hurt? If so——"

"Makes no difference!" snapped Jerry. "Broken bones be dashed! Our mates will defend the castle. I'm with you!"

He lurched after Ruel, trying his limbs in a gingerly fashion for a bit, and then swinging along as easily as ever, not being seriously injured.

"But where, where?" cried the younger man. "I can see nothing. Keep more to the left, Jerry! We must cover all the space we can. If those knaves are as desperate as they seem they may do anything to Dorothy. After them!"

Again they did their best in the foot race. Every yard was full of risks, for a fall might do worse than had happened to Boxx. And, as they ran, that gloom hung blackly over the berg, revealing nothing but the pinnacles of the ice hills Dorothy had herself aided to name in her happier moments. With the start that the kidnapers had secured the game was almost wholly in their hands, but the mate of the Peggy was not to be discouraged.

"Them pistol shots are over," remarked Jerry, beginning to breathe heavily. "Guess the fellers have beat them off, unless—do you think so many tagged after us that Minker has won his trick?"

"It may be, though it does not appear possible that Captain Drake would desert the camp, or let it be badly deprived of other defenders."

Ruel tried to console himself with that thought, but the silence in the rear would be disquieting until explained. There was no further chance to talk with Jerry, for their plan of separating somewhat had taken them well apart. It was a miserable work to flounder along in the dark with no clew and only the lottery of chance to bank upon, but no better could be done. Even if the quarters of the desperadoes had been fully known it was not to be expected that they would commit the folly of taking their captive there to invite discovery.

The mate's hopes were dwindling fast when, as he was skirting an icy hill, he heard the growling of a bear far up its side. For a moment this seemed trivial, but an idea sprang into his mind. The growling was that of bruin in rage or fear, and what animal was on the berg that would worry one of its monarchs?

Ruel looked all ways, failed to find what he hoped for, and then turned to the pinnacle and began climbing. Bruin was continuing his vocal music, but there was no evidence of a fight. The animal was merely furnishing sounds to guide the mate.

He climbed quickly, even to the point of recklessness, and soon was near the top. Now the growling was very near, but at one side. Ruel swept around a bend and human voices floated to him.

"Blame the brute! what does he want?"

"Something to eat, and the something is us."

"He surely is dangerous. Better shoot him!"

"Why, man, that would bring everybody here at once."

"As good that way as for us to be gulped down by a bear."

"Where can that confounded hole in the ice be?"

"Have we climbed the wrong peak?"

"Looks like it, and now what be we to do? Attention may be attracted by that bear's growlin', an' then we——"

By that time Ruel had crept cautiously forward until he had view of the speakers. Two men were there, and—somebody else. That somebody else was Dorothy!

He was on the point of springing forward to aid her, regardless of superior numbers, when there was a sudden diversion. The girl had been standing like a statue, but she abruptly writhed in the hands of her captors and wrenched herself clear of their hold. A moment more and she was running across the side of the pinnacle.

"Carefully!" shouted Ruel, leaping from cover. "Take your time, or you will fall! Beware of the icy footing. I'll cover your retreat!"

Before the last words were out of his mouth he had attacked the men. His pistol was within reach, but he was not yet ready to turn it upon a New Bedford whaleman, unless such a radical step was absolutely necessary.

"You scoundrels!" he cried, "have you lost all instincts of decency? How dare you——"

The rest was lost in the scuffle. The fellows were not reluctant to meet him, and, two to one, the three grappled on the icy way. That place was no broad-topped plateau like the summit of Castle Columbus, but an almost sheer uplift from which a fall might be fatal. And the men from the rival camp were strenuously trying to hurl him to the foot of the pinnacle.

Ruel was blessed with ample muscle, and with expert knowledge of the science of wrestling, but there was no way of getting footing from which to execute his designs. When he tried it he slipped and failed to catch his foeman in his toils. The "locks" he endeavored to enmesh them in failed as he slid about. This, unfortunately, put the affair upon the basis of two against one in full earnest, and he found himself in a bad predicament.

"Throw him off the berg!" growled one of his adversaries.

"It will kill him!"

"Never mind that—away with him. Now!"

There was a fresh straining of muscles and Ruel was forced hazardously near the edge, but all hands had forgotten one actor in the scene who now made himself felt. A great limb cleft the air and one of the Sea Pilots disappeared from the summit, bouncing down like a rubber ball, driven by a mighty blow. Ruel saw the vast bulk of the bear looming above him, his forward legs spread out for a hug with somebody in his grasp, and it was clear what had delivered the blow.

The mate writhed to one side, saw the bear luch closer to the only remaining fellow, and then ran after Dorothy as fast as he dared. He had gone scarcely a rod when he met her returning.

"Oh! I was coming to your aid!" she cried, her voice ringing out without sign of alarm. "Turn back, Mr. Taylor, and we will beat them. I'll help you!"

"Our way is to scud for home——"

"What, admit that we are scared? I've had just a minute of cowardice, but it is over. To the attack!"

"The bear has taken that task off our hands, my Arctic heroine. Just come with me. Down the pinnacle, and see that you don't slip."

The growling continued back of them, and as there seemed to be no call for undue haste, Ruel governed the descent and they gained the foot of the uplift unharmed.

"Oh, do tell me what has happened?" implored Dorothy. "Those knaves seized me and carried me off, though I declare to you that I scratched them like a tigress. Their faces must be more striped than a zebra. There were pistol shots. What happened?"

Before the mate could reply a shout came to them from a far-off quarter.

"Ahoy! Dorothy, Dorothy! Ahoy!"

Ruel swept his hands to his mouth and bellowed back.

"Ahoy, the Peggys! This way, mates! Dorothy is safe!"

Some sort of a reply boomed in the distance, but it was too far away to come to the mate distinctly. He and the girl went lightly, quickly along the ice, and after five minutes figures appeared in the darkness.

"Ahoy!" Ruel again shouted. "Who is there?"

"The mate, the mate!" was the chorus from ahead. "What!—oh say, lads, the captain's daughter is there, too. Hurrah!"

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

No storm of nature was abroad on the berg that night, but miniature thunder was in that cheer. Lusty threats voiced their owners' joy, and the tumult was taken up by the pinnacles until the air was full of Yankee cheers.

Nimble feet cut the intervening distance down, and the two parties met. Then Dorothy was clasped in her father's arms.

"My honeysuckle of prettiness!" whispered the captain, and then he choked, but the sailors were clear throated, and they yelled again.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Long live Princess Dorothy!"

CHAPTER XI.

A NIGHT ALARM.

When, a little later, all hands were back at Castle Columbus, that place was found to be in quiet and peace. The men who had been guarding it took their turn at cheering, after which everybody settled down.

"Them other fellers are the real, slick article," said Jerry Boxx, a touch of admiration in his voice. "First, Hiram Piper came, polite, sweet of talk and meek an' humble as a five-inch fish in a pool o' big fishes. His game was the pathetic, an' he did it well. Then them so-called sick men—wonder if they really be sick——showed up yonder an' attracted our attention. Then—"

"It was all a scheme studied out ahead," interrupted Miah Long.

"Why, all hands knows that, mate. With our attention absorbed over in that quarter, the others slipped close and kidnaped Miss Dorothy. We rushed to the rescue, an' what next? Why, the main part o' the plot hatched out. They attacked the camp to steal the stores o' food an' clothin', an' that was what they wanted all the while."

"They piled trick upon trick."

"Mighty slick game, all told."

"How did the fight come out here?" interrupted Ruel.

"We licked them easy," explained Davy Weed, though handling his jaw with caution. "We got some bad licks, an' my face says so, but, love ye, sir, we had weapons an' they had none. We fired a few times, though not to kill, an' they found too many of us had stayed here to make their trick a go. Yes, sirree, we drove them all off, an' they didn't get any food or clothes away from us, either."

Captain Drake had made much of Dorothy for some time, but having done all that fatherly affection could demand, he had seated himself near the fire and fallen into thought. Whether he heard much of the talk was uncertain, but the last words surely carried to his ears. He started to his feet, and, while his face grew red and angry, he flourished his fists belligerently.

"They didn't get anything," he shouted, "and now they will never get anything! It has always been my intention to extend a helping hand to those scullions—I've told both girls so—but they have ruined their own chances with their knavery. Their base treachery settles the matter. Give them food? Not by a thundering sight!"

His voice rose to a bellow, and it was clear that he was in a towering passion. The temper that had briefly run riot on board the Dancing Peggy was now at fever heat.

"Let them starve!" he added furiously.

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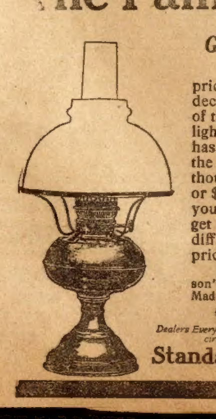

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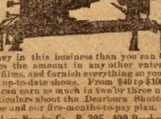

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How far can you get from home before you become a stranger?

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A burglar usually makes his home run after he reaches the plate.

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A woman has less faith in her ideals after marrying one of them.

The doctor who speaks but one language may understand many tongues.

Money may not bring happiness, but it will purchase a lot of substitutes.

After a man has passed 50 he sometimes falls in love with his wife again.

When the plumber hits the pipe some other chap has to pay the freight.

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The best-laid plans are apt to go wrong and the best of friends sometimes get married.

When a girl exchanges photographs with a young man she nearly always gets the worst of the trade.

A bachelor laughs inwardly when he is in company with a lot of married women who feel sorry for him.

A bride naturally ceases to allude to her husband as the light of her existence when the light begins to go out nights.

If the average man had to order his halo in advance, the chances are it would prove to be about three sizes too large.

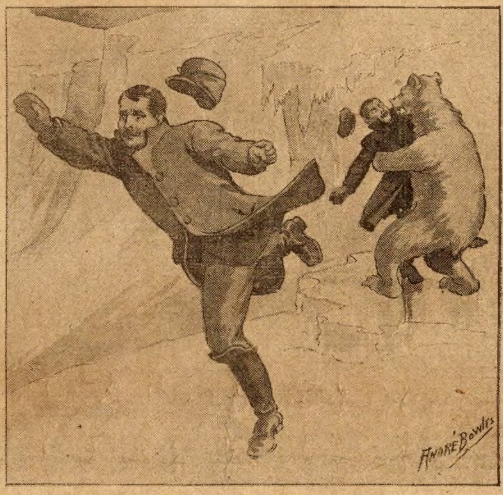
(Continued from page five.)

Some of the more choleric sailors echoed his words, but others were silent. As the skipper had said, Tom Minker and his men had surely forfeited all claim on their consideration, but the fact remained that they were New Bedford men in sore trouble. Were they to be left to starve?

Drake raved on, dwelling upon the baseness of the many-handled trick, the enormity of the abduction of the girl, and the attempt to kill the pursuers with the blocks of ice flung down from the top of Castle Columbus.

"Let them die, since they have chosen that way!" he cried bitterly.

Dorothy shook her head to Ruel, as if to beg him not to oppose the angry skipper then, but the caution was unnecessary. It was not the time to oppose his captain, and, at that moment, he had no wish to do it. No thought of mercy was in his mind. Remembering the events of the night, his anger echoed Drake's verdict. Let them starve! Among the sailors the same idea was rampant, and though they thought well of a small minority of Minker's hands, the passion of the hour was everywhere. Let them starve!



He ran as fast as he could.

Presently Drake fell silent, had an hour of morose brooding, and then rose. His passion was gone, though his brows were still bent in a frown. He went to his daughters and shook hands with both affectionately, after which he stationed guards for the night. If harm came to either the Dancing Peggy or the ice chambers it would not be for want of caution. When all was done he addressed Ruel.

"If those men had been decent they could have had something from our stores," he said quietly. "I fully intended it so, much as I despise them, for, sir, they are from our own town. Evil as they are, they hail from New Bedford. I intended to say yes to that Hiram Piper, but not right away. In due time, in due time, and after a lesson for them. Also, I'd have made it a condition that Tom Minker should come in person and ask for things as a commanding officer should. Now—let them eat bear or starve!"

He turned in, but left Ruel to unpleasant thoughts. If the rival party had possessed rifles they might have slain bear and seals, and possibly other animals for food, but after a short time winter would close in, the seals would stick pretty constantly to the water, and the bears would dig into the ice and lie there until spring.

What would the desperate party live upon?"

The question was vital, but he remembered the blocks of ice that had been flung down from the summit of Castle Columbus, barely missing him. Had one of them struck as intended it would have meant death for him.

"Let them see to their own larder!" thought the mate. "They have chosen their way. Let them tread the path!"

Then he had another disturbing recollection. As long as the enemy lived they would be desperate foes, and bent upon mischief. The outlook was ugly for all who were adrift on the iceberg.

The remainder of the night passed quietly. The following day dawned with a clear sky, but it had a tint of unnatural, brazen blue that attracted the attention of all weather sharps.

"There's a storm afoot," said Drake, eyeing all points of the compass. "If it isn't a breezer I'm a liar, and it's dead sure to be snow. There's a new nip in the air, already. My bullies, we will spend the the whole day in sledging wood from the ravine for our use. We will stack all we can in the storeroom, and pile the rest outside. Mr. Taylor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go to the top of this ice-hill, or to some other if you think proper, and use the glass the best you can. See al that shows a-sea. Look for other vessels, look for land, look for each and every inch-spot you can bring into the field of your glass. It's a hold full of oil to a baby's rattle that we shall be in the midst of blinding snow before twelve hours. No telescope work after that, you know."

"I think I'll try a look for the turreted peak the ladies have named Westminster Abbey. It commands all points of view."

"Do so, if you please. Watch out for Tom Minker's crew."

As soon as preparations were made Ruel set off, but, before his departure, the sailors were trudging away with sledges and axes, eager to get the wood housed and avoid later labor in the cold and the storms.

He found the so-called Westminster Abbey the most interesting of all elevations on the berg. It was a broad, lusty lump of an ice-hill and its name had been bestowed with propriety. No pinnacle and no dome dominated the scene, but a full dozen turrets rose from an otherwise generally level summit, really giving it a cathedral-like appearance. Seen in the sun, too, it was beautiful with its display of bright, clean ice, and he was not sorry to climb it.

Reaching the desired point, he first took a view to the north, after which other points received his attention. He saw no other vessel than the Dancing Peggy, and no land. In all the waste of Arctic desolation there was nothing but the marshaled floes and lesser pieces of ice, with the water sullenly throbbing between.

Only one thing was of interest, and that was the motion of the iceberg that was bearing the castaways on its ragged top. The drift was southward, but so slow that it amounted to nothing. Even with a fierce, towering sea astern very little motion could be imparted to such an enormous bulk as this leviathan of the deep, and that sea was now lacking.

When he returned to camp Drake questioned him phlegmatically.

"Anything new?"

"Not a thing, sir."

"What's a-sea?"

"Sluggish water, and rumbling floes, sir."

"Any chance to make a dash for land?" asked the second mate.

Drake wheeled upon the speaker sharply.

"Mr. Wing," he exclaimed, "land has nothing to do with it. If all Greenland should sail this way like a vessel and give us chance to quit this berg we would not go. Do you see the Dancing Peggy? Well, where that ship is we stay. I'm going to take her to New Bedford in the spring."

"That will please me right well, sir," replied Solon deferentially; but when he had ceased to be the center of attention he spoke in a subdued voice to Jerry Boxx.

"The skipper's mind is a bit touched, my man. Trouble has crazed him a trifle."

"He's a mighty sensible lunatic," growled Jerry, who had the courage to take as many risks as his captain.

Another day of hard labor was put in, and nightfall found the so-called storeroom, or third chamber of ice, well packed with fuel. Also, much wood was piled up just outside, and the hope of a good fire throughout the winter was well founded.

Within the chambers, housekeeping was gradually assuming order, for which credit was largely due to Mary and Dorothy. The floors of ice had been carpeted with spare sails from the General Washington, reinforced with rugs, and that vessel and the Dancing Peggy supplied an abundance of furniture. The General Washington stoves had been set up, one in an alcove of the sailors' living room, where the cooking was to be done, and another in the apartment set apart for the two girls. A door and its casing guarded the main entrance, and bade fair to keep out wintry blasts fairly well.

The problem of air had been met as well as possible. The inflow of oxygen would bring some chill with it, and probably draughts that might sometimes be unpleasant, but air was a vital necessity, both for breathing and to make the stoves draw.

The work had not been done too soon. Before darkness fell on the heels of the short day the blue of the sky had disappeared. Clouds piled up in the heavens, deep, black and angry, and the wind was blustering across the berg with a note that steadily grew from wailing to a deep roar. The prediction that the downfall would be snow was at the point of verification, and it would be no frivolous scurry.

After supper and a leisurely smoke Ruel left the refuge and put his head out of doors. He found the air keen and vicious, and snow was pelting down from the pall above. He paused and eyed that white drive.

"Why do you shake your head, mariner?" asked a light voice at his side.

He turned and saw Dorothy and Mary, the last of whom was the speaker.

"Well, the fact is, this storm is going to show sharp teeth. Pardon me, but you will do well to keep close to the shelter."

Immediately both girls stepped fully forth, to where the wind caught at their garments and buffeted as if in resentment of their venture.

"Only a summer shower!" quoth Dorothy gayly.

"I find it really sultry," added her sister.

"It's full fifteen below zero," retorted Ruel, smiling.

"A very popular temperature in the West Indies, I believe. Just the thing to ripen oranges, bananas and pineapples. Sailors, though, are delicate and timid. You should get acclimated, Mr. Taylor. Be like us, and drink in the fifteen below like red wine."

The mate enjoyed this banter and admired their high spirits in time of trial, and he fell into their gay mood. All three walked away, pelted by the snow and, if the truth be told, enjoying the bite of the keen air far less than they pretended. Mary, whose daring was sometimes tinged with folly, challenged her companions to climb Castle Columbus, and though Ruel realized that, besides being dangerous, such an attempt was impossible in the snow-clad night, he suffered the girls to take him with them as they ascended some yards.

There were a few minutes of gayety, after which Dorothy grew sober.

"I wonder," she said in tones barely audible, "what the Sea Pilot sailors are doing tonight? Do you think, Mr. Taylor, they have shelter?"

"I heartily hope so," he answered seriously. "In spite of what they have done to us, and tried to do, they are human beings. Providence grant that they are not exposed to this storm."

"But do you think they are?" Dorothy persisted.

"I can only guess. If they have tools, they have certainly dug ice-chambers in an elevation, just as we have done. It is the only resource in time like this, and all sailors know it. Lacking means of excavating such rooms, they can only huddle in the recesses of the peaks, or use the General Washington."

"Would that vessel be habitable?"

"In a way, yes, but no ship would keep out this bitter blast. If wooden walls could stop cold of such fierceness, the Dancing Peggy would not now be lying deserted below——"

He had turned to look at the ship, but he suddenly paused. Looking, he eyed the Peggy in silence.

"Somebody has built a big flare on her deck!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Is that safe in this wind, Mr. Taylor?"

"A flare!" cried the mate. "That's no flare. Do you catch the odor of smoke? By heavens! the Peggy is on fire. There is foul play there!"

(Continued next week.)

Hastily Amended.

"Do you and your wife agree?"
"Oh, yes, always—at least, I do."

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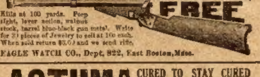
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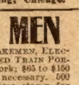
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GOD'S MESSAGE TO THE JEWS THE SUBJECT OF HIS DISCOURSE.

PASTOR RUSSELL

LONDON.—The world's largest and finest auditorium witnessed a wonderful gathering today and heard a wonderful message from the Brooklyn Tabernacle Preacher. It is said that Pastor Russell preaches every week to more than ten million families in the United States and Canada through his sermons published in hundreds of newspapers. British newspapers also are taking on these sermons. Surely no other Christian minister ever had so interested a hearing from the Jews! Pastor Russell explains that this public interest is not in himself, but in the Divine Message of the hour, due both to Christians and to Jews, because we are in the dawning of the New Dispensation—Messiah's Spiritual Kingdom about to be inaugurated.

His text declares that at a certain definite time a Divine message would go to Israel—a message of comfort and assurance of returning Divine favor. The message declares that although the Jews have been cut off from Divine favor for centuries that they are still God's people. It declares that the time of Israel's disfavor was definitely foreknown of the Lord and that now the time for the turning away of that disfavor has come. He said that Christian people in the past, himself included, had appropriated all of God's promises to themselves and had thus blinded and confused their own minds; that now the time had come to "rightly divide the Word of Truth." Pastor Russel noted the portion belonging to the Jews as separate and distinct from that given to the Christians, or more properly to the saints amongst the Christians, whom he claimed are a "little flock" as compared to the nominal masses.

The blessings promised to the Jews from Genesis to Malachi are all earthly. "Paradise lost" is to be restored world-wide. The earth, God's footstool in the Messianic administration, is to be made a glorious Eden.

Few Bible students, apparently, have discerned that the Divine promise included two seeds of Abraham—a heavenly seed and an earthly one—a spiritual seed and a natural seed. There are abundant Divine blessings for both and there is no need that either should appropriate the promises made to the other. The Jew and the vast majority of the Gentiles will greatly appreciate the earthly blessings—far more than they could appreciate the heavenly. Only the spiritual-begotten, saintly few, can appreciate the spiritual things which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man," but "which God hath in reservation for those that love him"—more than they love all earthly things.

God's Message declares, "She hath received of the Lord's hand double for all of her sins." This does not signify that God is unjust and that he would give twice as much punishment as was due to Israel's sins. The Hebrew word rendered double signifies a second part. The thought is that Israel had a long period of Divine favor and then an equal period of Divine disfavor. At the end of this double, Divine favor was due to return. The speaker reckoned 1845 years from the Abrahamic Covenant to the death of Jesus and that double which there began marks the year 1878 as the beginning of a period of returning favor. That very year, a Jew, Lord Beaconsfield, Prime Minister of Great Britian, was a member of the Berlin Conference of Nations and its leading genius. His policies for dealing with the Turkish Empire were accepted in fulfillment of Zechariah viii, 23:

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts, In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold, out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you." There the Lord's good promises to Israel began to have fulfillment. There the stability of titles in Palestine was assured as the Jew began to have some recognition in his own land. There all the principal nations followed the policies suggested by the Jew. Subsequently, in Divine providence, Egypt, as well as Palestine, came under supervision of Great Britain. Since then the Jewish star has been in the ascendancy. Slowly, but steadily, advances have been made in wealth and social standing.

In due time the message of Zionism was proclaimed and started the hearts of the Jews pulsing with new life. Now we have come to the time when God's message of comfort to Israel is being heard by both Jew and Christian and a fresh impetus is laying hold upon the Jew. It is God's Message that will really stir the hearts of Israel. They have been without Prophet, Priest, ephod or sin-atonement for more than eighteen centuries. But now they are hearing the voice of God. Its effect will be stimulating, reviving. The Law and the Prophets will be more studied by the Jews within the next few years than in all the eighteen centuries past. The faith of the fathers will return. Representatives out of every nation will revive Judaism in the land given to Abraham.

Every true Christian should blush for shame for the atrocities against the Jew committed in the name of Jesus and Christianity! Not merely the crimes of the Dark Ages cry out for vengeance and for shame, but the atrocities of the present are terrible. The priests of so-called Christian Russia chant praises to Jesus and, according to report, lead their deluded people to many of the onslaughts upon the Jew, murdering, pillaging, abusing, in the name of Christ. In Christian (?) Roumania two months ago, the poor Jews had an experience hard to be charitably forgotten. Their Christian (?) neighbors desecrated their cemeteries, dug up many of the recently interred and cast the corpses on their doorsteps.

With such devilish deeds done in the name of Jesus and Christianity is it any wonder that the Jew has come to hate these terms? We would not preach Jesus to the Jews under present conditions. He gave them the Message of God's Word, comforting them as his people, whose times of refreshing are now coming. We urge upon them the highest sentiments and ideals found in the Law and in the Prophets. We point them to the blessings that are theirs. The prophets declare their re-establishment in Palestine as a people at the time of the inauguration of Messiah's Kingdom and that it will be then that the Lord will pour upon them the spirit of prayer and "they shall look upon him whom they pierced." Then and not until then will they identify the glorious Messiah with the self-sacrificing Jesus—"They shall look upon him whom they have pierced" (Zechariah xii, 10).

The "Kingdom of the Messiah About to be Inaugurated in Power," in next week's Ledger.

Doctor Florestine's Ghost.

(Continued from page two.)

by the storm, apparently, and I realized nothing until I heard the Hindoo speaking rapidly in broken English, and then in his native tongue. The sudden, awful blackness which succeeded that illumination prevented my seeing him, or indeed any of our party, until gradually a twilight-like haze succeeded and I saw Professor Houdan standing alone in the middle of the room with uplifted hand.

"Shade of the murdered man, would you speak if you could?" he asked.

A tremulous vibration passed around the room, which the speaker evidently took for affirmation.

"Would you speak of your murderer?"

A second vibration, stronger and longer than the other, intervened and shook that awful silence.

"We are all friends, show us his semblance."

And then—I can scarce expect you to believe it, I could not myself, had I not seen it—there slowly grew on the canvas of the darkened room a vivid picture of two men, both past middle age, both scholarly and intellectual, while one wore the long beard of the man looking in at the window. The other, some force or intelligence, I could not tell which, told me was the murdered man.

They were apparently seated by a table on which were many scattered papers, and they were engaged in animated discussion, out of which grew an angry one.

"It is mine! I first formulated the theory," came at last in clear-cut accents, so near and distinct as if uttered for my ear alone, and then the reply followed, equally clear, but in a lower tone:

"Not so, it was I, and I alone who discovered it, and I will neither part with the secret nor share it with another so long as life lasts."

The calm concentration of purpose manifested in this short sentence was indescribable, and the hearer evidently realized the full force of it. He gathered up his papers, took his hat and cane from the corner table, and vanished through the hall door, but not until he had turned a look of deadly hate upon the still occupant of the room, who had turned to his studies as calmly as if there had been no altercation. This silent ignoring of his departure apparently added fuel to the still wrath of the other which blazed up into deadly speech as he closed the door behind him. We saw him no more, but clearly there came to our ears the words, "Die then!"

We could not doubt then, or even afterward, that there had been revealed to us the truth; and when the professor declared, with a force and solemnity fearful in their depths when we consider that he was actually addressing a disembodied spirit:

"Rest, troubled soul! Return not again to vex this house or its inmates," we all bowed our heads with reverential awe.

"We understand," continued the speaker, "all you would have us know. It was your colleague" (and he mentioned the secret discoverer of Doctor Florestine's theory) "who thrust you out of life, that he might profit by your labor and discoveries. He knew a part, and he succeeded at last in clutching that portion of the theory which so long eluded his grasp. He shall be reached, and made to confess his deeds before the world, or suffer the penalty. Are you satisfied?"

There was no audible answer, only that long, low, tremulous vibration of the air, but which shook our very beings. We dimly realized that the shade was appeased, and felt that he would come no more.

It was all so horribly clear and distinct a picture that I, at least, lost sight of its supernatural character. I felt that the scene was actually transpiring before me; but the cessation of events caused my confused faculties to return to the actualities of our little group of awe-struck auditors, sitting in varying attitudes of attention. How much or how little they had heard or seen, I did not know. Nan told me afterward that she had heard the pistol shot, and strange voices talking. Katherine had heard the same, but no one, save the professor, the Hindoo, and myself had realized the full force and power of that marvelous scene.

It vanished as quickly as it came. Nothing but our normal sight and hearing remained with us. Vanished was the form of the murdered man, gone the wrangling claimants of the secret discovery. The electric lights flared up again and flooded the room with a clear glow. We were again sober, nineteenth century folk, but we had lately come from standing on mysterious ground whence we had gleaned an insight into the awful secret of the tragedy which had cursed the library so long by unearthly, unhallowed re-enactments of the tragedy.

We left the library in the still, small hours of the morning, and as we three lone women shook hands with our learned friends, we felt that they were friends indeed to the extent, at least, of ridding us of our troublesome ghost.

What means were taken to reach the great projector of the wondrous discovery in the medical world, we were never fully informed. We learned, however, not long afterward, that he had written a book in explanation of the theory, in which he gave full credit to Doctor Florestine, as the sole discoverer of the initial thought which led up to it.

But there was no accusation of himself as the murderer, in this learned treatise. Far otherwise. It was written in such a strain that men in the medical profession applauded the writer's modesty and declared that he was more than just to the memory of Doctor Florestine.

The true and moving sequel to this strange story came in the midst of the fame which grew rather than lessened about the discoverer. He was found one morning in the library, shot through the temple in exactly the same manner as was his rival. His own hand held the pistol, as was evidenced by its having dropped from his nerveless fingers after death. It lay beside his chair and was identified as one recently purchased by himself.

So he had expiated by his death what he had failed to do by his written words. The manner and reason of it began to be noised about, and soon medical circles knew the story of his literary theft.

Christian people will inveigh against the exceeding inadequacy of this story to the needs of the hour. It does indeed raise questions which none of us can answer. The doorway of several sciences is invaded but not explored, and whether the true answer is to be found on this side of the grave, or on the other, cannot at this period be told. I am inclined to think that it lingers properly on the borderland, the twilight, where center the threads of so many apparent mysteries, and which will be mysteries no longer when the coming master mind shall be found capable of seizing the right one.

The incident narrated made a very significant change for us. No further sounds, save of the normal order, issued from the library. Our ghost came no more. We

(Continued on page twelve.)

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"What are you doing, Jim?" asked his master, returning from the ticket window.

"Dess had a drink of water, sah," responded the valet.

"And what did you do with the paper cup?"

"Paper! Lands, boss, I thought dat cup was like dese heah cones dat ice cream comes in an' done chawed it up."

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Lost in Antiquity.

A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper turned to his mother for consolation.

"Mother," he asked, "did grandpa thrash father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother impressively.

"And his his father thrash him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did his father thrash him?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"Well, who started this thing, anyway?"

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Detected the Substitute.

The wise young man had ordered lamb chops in the cheap lunch parlor.

"Oh, you kid!" he exclaimed, as the pretty waitress brought in his order.

"How dare you, sir?" she retorted, flushing with indignation.

"What's the trouble now?"

"Why, what do you mean by calling me a kid?"

"Excuse me, miss; excuse me a thousand times. I was alluding to the chops. They taste like young goat."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Suspicious.

"I must hurry home at once."

"But you've only been here ten days, and you intended to remain two weks."

"I know, but I must get back at once. I've just received a letter from my husband telling me to stay another week if I'm enjoying myself."

A Chance to Make Money.

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 593, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

Shopping Incident.

"Now, madam, what size shoe will you have?" asked the salesman, as soon as he was at liberty.

"The smallest and shiniest you have," she said.

The other women buying shoes sniffed.

And when the clerk returned with a pair of the tiniest imaginable the woman accepted them with the remark, "I guess baby's eyes will open when she sees these on her feet."

Rural Ruse.

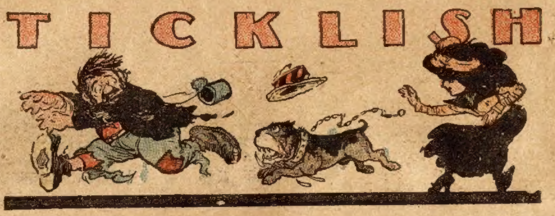
Silas—How in the dickens did Skinflint Jason, the village storekeeper, get around the pure-food law by vowing he never watered his vinegar?

Cyrus—Oh, that was easy. He waters his hard cider before it turns to vinegar.

Not the Right Kind.

Seymour—Does Wagler's chauffeur have a license?

Ashley—Well, judging from the way he drives the car, he has a liquor license.

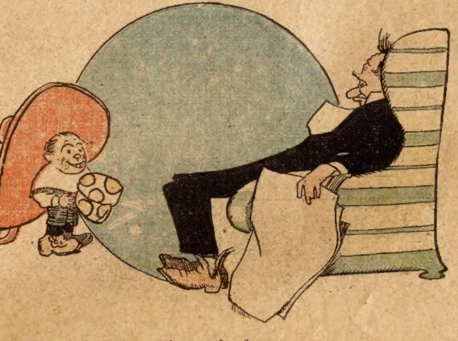


Pleasant Days.

Indolent Ike—I wonder if it ain't a fake that horsehoes has luck?

Sleepy Sam—Naw; a horseshoe hit me onect, an' I was took to a hospital an' fed an' rested fer two weeks.

A SURE CURE.



Grandpa—My, why don't you wash your face?
Grandson—Aw, I keeps it doity so's de goils 'll not allus be kissin' me!

This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You

Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly. A Family Supply at Small Cost.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly and will usually cure the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for $2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis, and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guiaicol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 206 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

His Pet.

Harker—Think I'll try to sell old Stuffem some pet dogs.

Barker—Useless job. All he thinks about is eating.

Harker—Hasn't any four-legged friends, eh?

Barker—Only one and that's the dining-room table.

Died as He Lived.

Old Grouchly—And you say there is no hope for me, doctor?

Dr. Blunt—None whatever. You'll be dead in two weeks.

Old Grouchly—Can't you make it one week instead of two, doctor?

Dr. Blunt—Why?

Old Grouchly—Because the premium on my life insurance will be due in ten days.

Does Nothing Else.

Hojax (at the show)—That pretty chorus girl on the left threatened to leave the company unless she was given a speaking part.

Tomdix—Did she get it?

Hojax—You bet she did. The manager married her.

Exempt.

"Yes, sir," said the trust magnate, proudly, "I am the architect of my own fortune."

"Well," rejoined the friendly critic, "all I've got to say is that it's a lucky thing for you there were no building inspectors around when you were constructing it."

Not the Same.

Gyer—Blank's auto is said to be worth $1,000,000.

Myer—Bosh! Who ever heard of an automobile worth even $100,000?

Gyer—Automobile, fiddlesticks! I was referring to his autograph on a check.

As Amended.

"There's no use talking," said the obese passenger, as he was preparing to leave the steamer, "if there is anything in a man travel is sure to bring it out."

"Yes," rejoined the pale person, "particularly ocean travel."

Price of the Catalogue.

DeAuber (at art exhibit)—Don't you think that picture of mine is worth the catalogue price?

Criticus—And why not? The price of the catalogue is a quarter, isn't it?

Somewhat Cynical.

Danvers—Do you believe there is such a thing as honor among thieves?

Cynicus—Certainly not. Thieves are just as bad as other people.

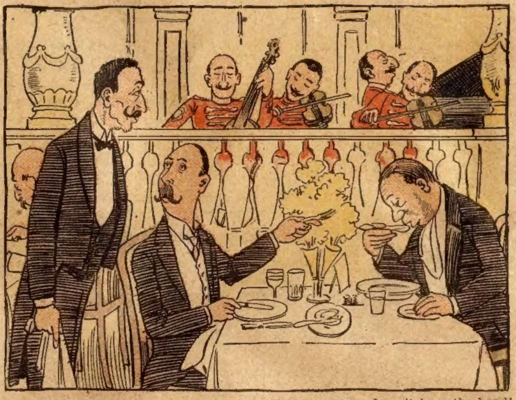
Foiled Again.

The party with the unbarbered hair had sneaked into the editorial sanctum when the office boy wasn't looking.

"Sir," he began, "a poet is born——"

"All right," interrupted the busy man behind the blue pencil. "Take the birth notice to the advertising department on the first floor."

MADE TOO MUCH NOISE.



The Egotist—Waiter, take this gentleman's soup away. I can't hear the band!

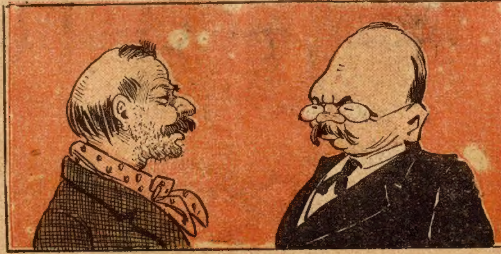
Really Strange.

"You should not stop on the street to talk to a strange man."

"That's the man I told you of who wants to marry me."

"Well, he is a strange man!"

THAT FLAME.



The Picture of Misery—Yes, there was a time when I had money to burn, an' where I made the mistake was w'en I did burn it.
The Other Party—And pray what did you burn it with?
The Picture of Misery—With an ole flame of mine.

Wrong Direction.

Gausler—McFelter always had such a dread of losing his life in a hotel fire that he invented a portable fire escape, which he always carried with him when he made a trip. But I guess he lived long enough to wish that he had turned his attention to the devising of another kind of life preserver.

Weigler—Why?

Gausler—He was drowned at sea.

Admitted His Error.

One of the neatest of parliamentary apologies was that of an irate member of the house, who described another as "not having even the manners of a pig." At the cry of "Withdraw" he did so. "I withdraw and apologize, and beg to say that the honorable member has the manners of a pig."

For Life.

Ashley—When I was a justice of the peace I was the cause of making several poor fellows serve life terms at hard labor.

Seymour—I didn't know justices of the peace had that power.

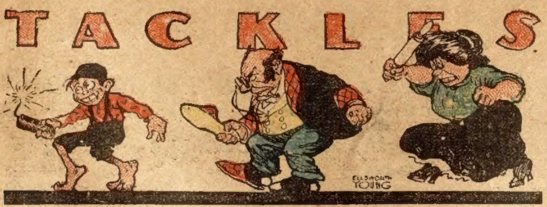
Ashley—Oh, yes; the law permits them to marry people.

Ultimatum.

Mrs. Desmythe—Yes, my dear, I intend my daughters to be engaged when they are nineteen.

Mrs. Lajones—But suppose they are not?

Mrs. Desmythe—Then they remain nineteen until they are!



AERIAL MOTHER GOOSE.

Come, Little Boy Blue, and blow your horn,
The dirigible's in the cabbage patch, it landed there this morn;
A biplane's in the buckwheat, an aero in the hay,
So open up an aerodrome; they're falling thick today.

His Only Asset.

"You look like a kind-hearted little lad," remarked the stranger as he patted the street gamin on the head.

"That's me," responded the youngster with much promptness. "I'll give yer anything I've got."

"Ah, what a noble lad!"

"Yes, but I haven't got anything but the measles."

Ghostly.

Mr. Stubb—Here is about a skeleton that appears in the parlor of a haunted house and strikes a few keys on the piano every night.

Mrs. Stubbs—Oh, John, what keys does he strike?

Mr. Stubbs—Why, skeleton keys, of course.

On the Verge.

A woman and her daughter were at sea during rough weather. After a silence of some time the mother asked: "Are you seasick, dear?"

"No, I think not," replied the daughter; "but I'd hate to yawn."

Cost of Living.

Mrs. Tightwad—Git a doctor, quick!

Mr. Tightwad—What's th' matter now?

Mrs. Tightwad—The baby's jest swallowed a pint o' kerosene!

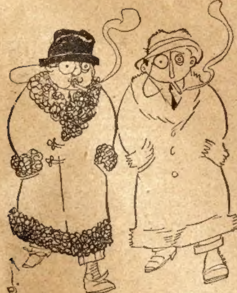
Mr. Tightwad—Gosh ding it! 'An' oil's just went up a cent!

Mean Man.

"As a rule," said the fair boarder, who was also a suffragette, "women have pacific dispositions and look over a lot of things."

"Yes," sneered the crusty dry goods clerk, "look over a lot of things and never buy anything."

Sad! Sad!



Argyl—Did you heah that Weggie is going to try in the cigawette-rolling contest?

Claudie—Yeth, but ith no use; he can't come back.

A Friendly Tip.

"Now that provisions are lower, Mrs. Hasher," said the fussy boarder, "don't you think you ought to reduce your rates?"

"No, indeed," replied the landlady. "I find it hard to pay my debts as it is."

"But," suggested the fussy boarder, "if you paid in advance as you make others do, you would have no debts."

Nothing Doing.

"Will you be my wife?" asked the star boarder.

"Let me see," mused the landlady. "You have boarded with me four years. You have never grumbled at the food. You have always paid promptly. No, I can't accept you. You are too good a boarder to be put on the free list."

Still on the Way.

"You deceived me," protested the woman at the washtub. "When you married me you said you had a job on the road."

"And so I did, my dear," rejoined her husband, who was hitting the pipe in an easy chair, "but it hasn't arrived yet."

DOWN IN INDIANA.

A fair maid in the town of North Vernon,
Had a hat with feathers and fern on;
The crown was quite tall,
But that was not all—
It had a brim an engine could turn on.

Getting His.

"Had a most enjoyable time at the dentist's today."

"Eh! Enjoyable?"

"Yes. When I went in another dentist was filling my dentist's teeth."

Diversity.

Maud—Do you know, after I had done all I could to encourage him he wouldn't kiss me.

Ethel—Well, he kissed me.

Maud—How did you manage it?

Ethel—I did all I could to discourage him.

The Real Thing.

"Have you any coeducational institutions here?" asked the stranger within the gates.

"We have the greatest institution of that kind in the world," replied the absent-haired native.

"What is it called?" queried the other.

"Marriage," was the brief but significant reply.

Merely Fact.

"Delia spoke very disrespectfully to her father today."

"What did she say?"

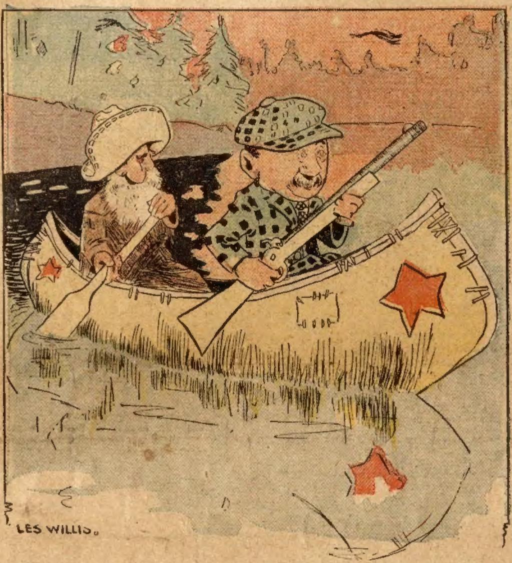
"He asked her what on earth she had in her hair to make it so monstrously and unnaturally distended, and she answered, 'Oh, rats.'"

Well Instructed.

Clergyman—Did your mother try to inculcate lessons of thrift?

Chicago Show Girl—Indeed, she did. Many's the time she said to me when I was a child: "Maggie, never live beyond your alimony."—Life.

IMPOSSIBLE.



Mr. Neverhit—When all the big moose are killed off we'll miss them terribly.

Guide—Well, for one, I don't see how it's possible for you to miss them more in the future than you do at present.

Useless Worry.

"I'm in debt; heavily in debt," wailed the disconsolate man.

"Is that all that's troubling you?" retorted the cheerful stranger. "From the way you're acting I thought somebody owed you money that you couldn't collect."

Authentic Information.

Seymour—I thought you told me that Granner was in the dry goods business?

Ashley—I did; he sells hay.

Price of a Wife.

"In some parts of Africa," dilated the returned explorer, "one can buy a wife for half a pint of common glass beads."

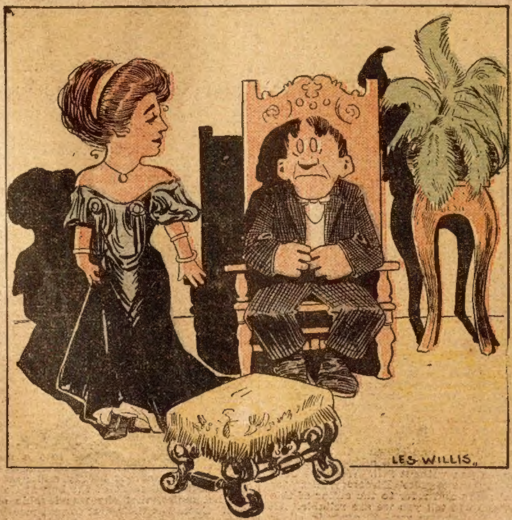
"Well," replied the fussy old bachelor, "no doubt a good wife is worth that much."

New to Her.

"Miss," began the polite agent, "could I sell you a patent vacuum cleaner?"

"No, sir," responded the new maid forcibly. "We don't keep a vacuum here."

YES, THEODORE.



Theodore—In all the months I've been calling on you, Anastasia, you have never shown any affection for me.

Anastasia—Theodore, little do you know of the numerous times I have clung to father's neck when all he asked was one punch at you.

The Mendacious Rascal.

Mr. Hubb—I haven't saved a dollar since I married you.

Mrs. Hubb—Oh, what a fib! You've saved nearly half you had in the bank at that time.

Meat Famine.

"What has become of your zoological garden?"

"Well, we thought meat was too valuable to have it loafing around in cages to look at."

Another Thought.

Her Dad—My dear child, another dress? Don't you ever think of anything else?

The Child—Yes, of course, I should like some new furs!

AGENTS WANTED

$5.00 TO $10.00 A DAY

You can easily earn $5 to $10 a day taking orders for our Stylish, Made-to-Measure clothes—many agents earn more. No money or experience necessary—we teach you this money-making business and back you with our capital

Suits $9.00 UP Pants $2.50 UP Express Prepaid

Every garment made to measure in latest city style—fit and workmanship guaranteed. One Hustling Agent wanted in every town. Exclusive territory.
FREE—Write for Agent's outfit—FREE.
PROGRESS TAILORING CO., 125 Harrison St., Chicago

AGENTS make money; act quick; outfit, special offer, etc. 10c. A. P. WOLVEN, Saugerties, N. Y., R. 3.

AGENTS We start you in Mail Order—retail and wholesale—Business of your own. Write for full particulars. Write S. S. ADAMS Co., Plainfield, N. J.

PORTRAIT AGENTS our new Portraits and Bromides are fine Pillow Tops. Everything cheap. Crescent Portrait Studio, 918 Montana St., Chicago

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AGENTS $30 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required, 30 days credit; photo pillow tops 50c; enlarged portraits, bromides, paintings, frames; lowest prices; samples and catalogue free. Dept. X. Ritter Art Studio, Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx. D14, Danville, Va

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4152, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN, 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE GOLD sample goes with first letter. Something entirely new. Every firm wants it. Orders $1.00 to $100.00. Nice, pleasant business. Write today. Metallic Mfg. Co., 416 N. Clark St., Chicago

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X418; SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

WANTED—General Agents for states west of the Mississippi river and Illinois, to handle Crane Spiral Heel Cushions. Exclusive territory guaranteed. Liberal inducements offered. Address Donne-Gray Co., 922 N. Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Live Agents Wanted

Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $65 in 47 hrs., another $21 in 8 hrs., another $22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 1472 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid. DR. LYONS, 429 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

NULITE GASOLINE TABLE LAMP

A beautiful lamp for homes, hotels, offices, stores, banks, cafes. Portable, safe; can be turned upside down or rolled on he floor without danger or affecting the light. 300 c. p. of soft, brilliant light, ¼c per hour. Also 200 different styles of lamps and systems. AGENTS—We want town, county and traveling salesmen. Best proposition ever offered. Sells everywhere. Write for SPECIA OFFER.
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AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents coining money—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free.
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AGENTS HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

Your Credit Is Good With Us

Some of the wisest Agents in America are coining big money—and so can you—by selling our Laces, Battenbergs, Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waists, Handkerchiefs, Petticoats, Belts, etc., at half merchant's prices. Get in on this—your credit is good. Free trial order—no deposit. Biggest commissions, exclusive territory. Agents giving up all other lines and handling ours exclusively.

Write today for Free Literature and Samples.

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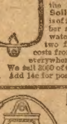
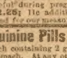
All The Advantages of This Enormous Cut Price Drug Store Are Yours—Buy by Mail

No matter where you live, you can buy your drugs, chemicals, sundries, etc., from us by mail and save from 25% to 100% on every purchase. Ours is one of the largest organizations of its kind in America. We handle everything in the drug line, including patent medicines, soap, perfume, toilet articles of every kind and description, sick room necessities, brushes, rubber goods, sponges, cigars, etc. On account of the great volume of business done by our seven stores, we are able to buy goods in large quantities and our expert buyers are particular to insure full purity and strength of all goods we handle. We sell to you at wholesale prices the same as if you lived in Pittsburg. All goods are sold with a guarantee that they will be satisfactory to you and exactly as ordered—or you get your money back. Order anything—we have it and can save you money—below are samples of prices on a few articles. Please order by number and in remitting please use post office or express money orders and include enough **to pay postage.** If you send too much we return the change.



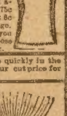
Hot Water Bags

No. 10—A necessity, not a luxury, indispensable in any home for any case of sickness, for cramps, pains, cold feet or for warming the bed. **May's Solid Comfort Bag** is of finest white rubber and guaranteed water tight—holds two full quarts and costs from $1.00 to $1.25 everywhere—our cut price **69c.** We sell 3000 of these bags every week. Add 14c for postage.



Abdominal Supporters

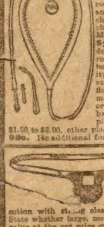
No. 11—All grades—elastic silk, thread, linen, etc., from $2.00 to $18.00—specials made to order at cut prices. **May's Special Elastic Supporters** made of best elastic—give perfect support—adapt themselves to body—especially useful during pregnancy—cut price, **$2.25;** 11c additional for postage. Send for our measurement sheet, free.



Rubber Gloves

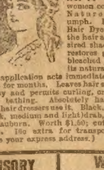
No. 12—Protect the hands in dish washing, scrubbing, sweeping, preserving, gardening and all household duties, also good for whitening the hands. **May's Keystone Gloves** fit snugly and are guaranteed against defects—regular 75c value—cut price, **39c;** 8c additional for postage. State size kid glove you wear and for what purpose wanted, when ordering.

Quinine Pills **No. 14**—Bottle of 100 Quinine Pills each containing 2 grains pure Quinine Sulphate. They dissolve quickly in the stomach. At any other store you probably pay 10c for a dozen—our cut price for a bottle of 100, **25c.** 4c additional for postage.



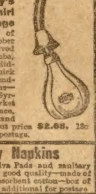
Fountain Syringes

No. 15—For all kinds of vaginal rectal, infant and other douches—indispensable to women. **May's Special Syringe** with decorated red rubber 2 quart bag of first quality, 5½ feet of soft rubber rapid flow tubing, metal regulator or shut off, and hard rubber pipes, cost from $1.50 to $3.00, other places—cut price **99c.** 14c additional for postage.



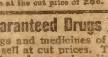
May's Hair Dye

No. 17—Helps women complete Nature's triumph. May's Hair Dye colors the hair any desired shade and restores gray or bleached hair to its natural color. One application acts immediately and lasts for months. Leaves hair soft and glossy and permits curling, crimping and bathing. Absolutely harmless. Best hair dressers use it. Black, brown (dark, medium and light) drab, blonde and auburn. Worth $1.50; cut price, **69c.** 16c extra for transportation (give your express address.)



"Female" Syringes

No. 16—May's Favorite Whirl Spray Syringe made entirely of rubber; red rubber bulb, with curved hard rubber tube, and soft rubber sliding shield—quick acting, recommended by physicians—best vaginal Syringe on the market for convenience, safety, comfort and effectiveness—cut price **$2.68.** 18c additional for postage.



SUSPENSORY BANDAGE

No. 19—Every man who wears one appreciates the comfort—May's J. P. style—cotton with strong elastic, and durable perforated sack. State whether large, medium or small size is wanted. 50c value at the cut price of **25c.** 3c additional for postage.

Women's Sanitary Napkins

No. 18—Otherwise known as Vulva Pads and sanitary towels. Full size and exceptionally good quality—made of sterilized gauze well filled with absorbent cotton—box of ½ dozen—May's cut price, **19c.** 6c additional for postage.

Insect Powder **No. 20—May's Genuine Persian Insect Powder** is harmless to human beings and domestic animals, but insures the total extermination of roaches, water bugs, ants, fleas, bed bugs, moths, and all forms of vermin life on birds, animals, plants, etc. Simply has to be dusted about. In cylindrical wooden boxes about two inches in diameter and about six in. high. May's cut price **19c.** 6c additional for postage.

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Send For This Book

It contains a list of drug store articles of every day use, things you really need and have to buy, which you can buy by mail at a saving of from 25% to 100%. It tells you why we can sell for such low prices and why you can buy from us at lower prices than you have to pay at any other place in the country. The prices we charge you are the same we charge the people of Pittsburg—the same that have made May's the biggest and most popular drug store in the United States. Send for this book today and take advantage of our wonderful money saving opportunity—**the book is free.**

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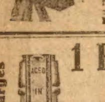

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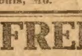

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The Runaway Wife;

Or, The Trail of Vengeance

(A Story of the Panama Canal and a Long Chase Through South America)

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

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CHAPTER XIII.

TRUE LOVE.

WHILE one guilty, unholy love was being punished in such ruthless manner in Valparaiso, in Panama another love affair, this one true and pure, was budding into life. Mrs. Williamson, after the Cabrenoza scandal, had desired to show the afflicted sister that she was in no way to be held responsible for her brother's fault and had, therefore, taken the first opportunity to call on Senora Essilva. Adriana insisted on accompanying her, hoping that perhaps while visiting the aunt the nephew might call, and she would at last be able to meet the one man who had left a lasting impression on her mind.

They found the senora still laboring under the effects of the shock of her brother's scandalous marriage. She could, therefore, talk of nothing else, in one sentence excusing Cabrenoza, calling him a victim of a clever adventuress, the next blaming him bitterly for the shame he had called down on the family name. To which Mrs. Williamson had replied:

"I don't see why you should feel thus. In my country faults are personal, and we rarely make an innocent person suffer for the wrong action of another, no matter how close the relationship. Each is judged according to his own merits."

"My friends are trying to make me feel that way, but I cannot get over the idea that a brother of mine should bring that sort of a woman in our family. A divorced woman, a former public dancer! Think of it!"

"I understand how you feel, though, not being a Catholic, a divorced woman is to me as good as any widow might be, provided the circumstance of the divorce did not disgrace her."

"In this case, if you have read the papers, you must know that she was to blame."

"Yes, very much so, if what the papers state is true, but it wasn't that as much as the fact that she was the cause of the first wife's death that impressed me as being the most unnatural and the most disgraceful."

"That is what is nearly killing my nephew; he says he could forgive everything but that."

Adriana, who had been listening in a half-dreamy fashion, sat up at the mention of the young man.

"I have been told that he took the blow very hard," remarked Mrs. Williamson. "Some of his friends fearing it might affect his health."

"I feared so myself, and for that reason I have insisted on his coming to live with me."

"Then he's staying here?" asked Adriana, almost before she thought, the next minute relasping into blushing and embarrassed silence.

Senora Essilva was too preoccupied with her own worries and sorrows to notice anything amiss in the girl's question; not so Mrs. Williamson, who looked at the blushing girl in wonder, remembering that from the first her neice had shown a marked interest in the young man. What could it mean? She determined to find out on their return home. Senora Essilva was answering Adriana's question:

"Yes, he has been with me three weeks now, but so far I have been unable to make him meet my friends or join in any social function. He is trying to drown his disappointment in work."

"That will be all right for a time but overwork has also its dangers. We humans need variety."

"That's what I tell him, but he always answers he is disgusted with humanity and wants to mingle with it as little as possible."

At this moment the loud and joyous barking of a dog in the hall drowned further conversation, the next Carlos appeared in the open doorway. On seeing his aunt had company, he made a movement to retreat when he encountered Adriana's gaze. Instead of retreating, he advanced eagerly into the room, removing his hat with one hand while with the other he pushed aside the bounding and barking black-and-tan terrier, saying as he did so:

"I beg your pardon, I did not know you had visitors," then to the dog who still continued to bark, "Silence, sir!"

Senora Essilva, glad that he had thus been trapped, and not guessing that it was most willingly, hastened to introduce the visitors to the young man. He bowed to the two ladies, then to his aunt's surprise sat down and engaged in conversation with Mrs. Williamson, while looking frequently at her happy and blushing niece. The young girl, who had not seen Carlos since the night at the theater, noticed the change on the handsome face. It had aged and matured until one would think that years instead of weeks had passed since the meeting. He had suffered more deeply than an older person would have done and this suffering had changed the boy into a man. And today the man, seeing Adriana again in all of her innocent beauty and candor, felt that the judgment of the boy at Colon was not amiss, that she was lovable and good. Such was their first formal meeting.

Mrs. Williamson, whose suspicions had been aroused by Adriana's question, had watched the two during the rest of the visit, and her practiced eye had detected that there was somehting between them. Once alone with her niece she questioned her, and soon had the whole simple story, the first meeting at Colon, where Carlos had pursued her with his respectful admiration, the trip from Colon to Panama, the meeting at the theater. Very little it all was, but it meant much to the older woman, who fully realized what might come of this small beginning. Mrs. Williamson regretted that Harkless was not there to advise her, realizing that it would be useless to write him for instructions, as the mails were slow and uncertain while love is rapid and sure. She must decide for herself whether she should encourage or discourage the budding love affair.

Her husband, returning to Panama on one of his flying trips that night, relieved her of some of her anxiety. He would know better than she if the young man was worthy of winning a pure, sweet girl, like Adriana. When they were alone that night she broached the subject to him. From the first he was in favor of the young man, defending his cause warmly:

"Why, Martha, he is the best catch in these parts. He is said to be worth half a million in his own right."

"Money doesn't make happiness. I prefer to know about his moral character."

Better than his money, my dear. While he isn't exactly a saint, perhaps, he is still a straight-forward, upright young fellow, manly, clean, and honest as any father would want for a daughter. He doesn't drink, he doesn't gamble, he is a worker and doesn't mingle too much with the fast set."

"Then if Adriana were our daughter, you would not object to a match?"

"On the contrary, I would help it all I could."

"In spite of what his father has just done?"

"Come right down to facts, what his father has really done was to make a fool of himself by marrying a common woman. He has done nothing punishable by law. The whole thing will blow over in time, besides, though a father maybe a rascal is no sign that the son is another."

"Then you think Harkless would approve the match?"

"Harkless is nobody's fool, and he will readily see that Adriana, who is neither a wonderful beauty nor an heiress, has done well in landing such a big fish as young Cabrenoza, and he will realize that it is one chance in a million that she ever has another such a chance."

"They are both in love or I am no judge."

"So much the better, only don't let either of them know it until they are so far gone that there is no hope of a cure. There would be fewer marriages if people knew they were falling in love, before the falling was complete."

"What must I do then?"

"Nothing but give them as frequent opportunities of meeting as you can without arousing suspicions. Nature and youth will do the rest."

Thus encouraged, Mrs. Williamson let events shape themselves according to the will of destiny, but, being a woman and, therefore, a natural matchmaker, she tried to help destiny as much as possible. As for the young people, they went into it blindly. True, they realized that they found pleasure in each other's company; true, neither thought or craved for the company of any one else; but neither suspected that this spelled "love" in blazing letters. Carlos found in the young girl's company a fit diversion from his gloomy thoughts; he felt she sympathized with his sorrow, though she never mentioned the subject, and in the sunshine of her youth and joyous happiness the gloom of his own life melted away.

Thus passed the days, days which to the happy pair passed like hours, then one evening having strolled out alone in the garden of the Essilva villa, Carlos, without forethought, moved by the near presence of the loving girl and the romance of the moonlit garden, declared himself, spoke of his love, pouring out his heart as though pushed by a power outside of himself. To his demand Adriana answered with a straight-forward avowal of her own love; no coquettery, no tantalizing; it was the simple giving of self, then and forever, to the man she knew was her true mate. Thus they pledged their troth, awaiting Harkless' return and consent before they made of that pledge the binding vows which would unite them forever.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DINNER.

Dioneza had expected the double cry of mad terror, and was prepared for it, having given Smith instructions how to act. The detective had hastened to the terrified couple, asking with the most innocent surprise:

"What's the matter? What has frightened you?" while Dioneza looked at them with a perfectly blank face, on which no one could read whether or not he had guessed their real identity.

Anita was the first to recover. In a flash she realized that they were both disguised, and that to carry out that disguise, they must show a brave front and act out their assumed characters as far as it was in their power. Crushing Cabrenoza's arm in a warning pressure, she answered, her voice still quivering but becoming firmer as she talked:

"I had not seen the gentleman and it frightened me when he rose. My cry startled you, did it not, Giberza?"

"Yes," stammered the man, understanding her idea and making a feeble and unsuccessful attempt to carry it out, his face still deadly white, his voice hoarse and thick with fright.

"I am sorry," apologized Smith easily, admiring the woman's wit and bravery. "I thought you had seen him. Permit me to present you to the innocent cause of your fright, Senor Miguel Dioneza, the Senora and the Senor Giberza."

Cabrenoza bowed, unable to speak, the name of Dioneza paralyzing him anew.

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Anita, braver than he, [illegible]swering for both: "We are glad [illegible] Senor Dioneza," then forcing a wan smile to her lips, she added: "You must excuse my foolish nervousness. The sudden death of my only child, three months ago, has left me in a very unstrung condition," and she brought her handkerchief to her eyes, wishing to hide for a second the sight of that cold, stern face, which seemed to have the power to take from her the power of thought. She must think and think fast [illegible] their very lives depended upon her [illegible] knew now that she must cease to [illegible] any support from her husband, who was the most abject of coward-

Dioneza, speaking for the first time, answered with a bow:

"The Senora need not make excuses. It is I who should apologize for having so unwittingly frightened her."

Smith felt that it was time for him to break into the conversation, so he said:

"Well, let us forget the incident and try to enjoy our dinner. Senora Giberza, kindly sit here between Senor Dioneza and myself, you Giberza sit opposite the senor."

They took the places assigned them, Cabrenoza glad of the opportunity to sit down, his limbs yet weak with terror could scarcely support his weight. He would have given at that moment all he possessed on earth for some means of leaving that room and escaping the ordeal of that dinner in company with his most bitter enemy. Anita took her seat between Dioneza and Smith with a sinking heart. Could she battle alone with these two men? Could her woman's wit save the day? Would it be possible to keep up until the end of that awful meal both her courage and that of her cowardly companion? Yes, she answered herself, yes, she would show them what a woman could do. Then, wishing to prove to herself and to them her determination of winning out in the unequal battle of wits, she turned a perfectly calm face to her former husband, saying:

"Dioneza? Do you know senor, that your name seems strangely familiar to me?"

Cabrenoza sat up looking at her with widely starting eyes, Smith also looked at her in admiring wonder, Dioneza alone remaining impassive and unmoved. He and the woman were of equal strength, and it was to be between the two that the strange duel of wits was to take place, the others to remain as mere spectators.

"Is that true?" he asked coldly. "Could it be that you have known some one by that name?"

The waiter entered at this moment with the first course, which he placed on the table, then, on a whispered order from Smith, he left the room, and they were once more alone.

"I don't think so," answered Anita in reply to his question. "Still, I am sure I heard that name somewhere; I may think where later," and she puckered up her brow like one in deep thought.

[illegible] example, began to eat, Dioneza [illegible] fearing that death might be lurking in the inoffensive looking soup, looked appealingly at his wife. The same thought had come to her. She looked at the men on either side of her, they were eating without apparently noticing the hesitation of the other guests. In the flash of a second she weighed the situation and realized that no matter what the consequence, they must not betray themselves by not eating. Resolutely she took up her spoon and began eating. Cabrenoza, taking his cue from her, understanding that either case they were lost, followed her example, his throat, closed by terror, could hardly give passage to the liquid which he swallowed with visible effort, seeing which Anita, to divert attention from him, said with a daring that startled the three men and caused them to look at her in stupefaction:

"Ah, senor, I know now where and how I heard the name Dioneza."

"Where?" asked Dioneza, wondering what she was going to say.

"In Panama, during the Cabrenoza's scandal," she answered withou[illegible] [illegible] the floor as startled, he stared wild-eyed at his wife. Smith looked at her in sudden admiration, while Dioneza, recovering from his momentary surprise, asked:

"Were you in Panama at the time?"

"Yes," she answered, addressing a rapid, authorative look to her husband to recall him to himself, "we landed in Panama the day before the man's marriage, and because [illegible] with a look she never forgot, Dioneza answered slowly:

"I have the misfortune of being the man himself, madam." "I beg your pardon," she said, looking away, knowing that the emotion his look had caused her would easily pass as the natural embarrassment one would experience in mentioning an unpleasant and painful subject:

Smith, taking pity on her, admiring her brave struggle, rang for the waiter, and the serving of the second course proved a suitable interruption to the strained, tense feeling which filled the room as with a living presence. Thus the battle of wits continued throughout the meal, which seemed endless to the two victims, though toward the end Cabrenoza, warmed up by the wines which he swallowed in generous quantities, became less conscious of the spell of terror under which Dioneza's presence kept him. At the close of the dinner, Dioneza offered:

"Could I induce you to be my guests for the theater. I believe there is a good play on for tonight."

Anita, who had stood as much as she possibly could for one night, pleaded a threatening headache and declined, to which Dioneza replied with a bow:

"It shall be for some other time then, for I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you both frequently"

Anita addressed a terrified look at the speaker. Did he mean that he intended repeating the agony of that night frequently? Nothing in the cold, hard face betrayed his intentions, and she and Cabrenoza left the cafe without knowing if their disguise had been penetrated.

When they reached their room Anita, completely exhausted, sank upon a chair, her brain, too numb to think, demanding a few moments rest before it could again resume its activities. Cabrenoza, dark and angry, watched her in silence as she lay back with closed eyes, hot tears coursing unnoticed down her cheeks. He was not grateful that her wit and courage had perhaps saved them that night from being recognized by their enemy. All he thought in the supreme selfishness of [illegible] ture was that because of her, [illegible] had loved her and made her lov[illegible] was now in constant danger of death, forgetting that in the fault of the past he was the most to blame, having taken advantage [illegible] overpowering love which he had aroused in her by every means in his powe

"Well," he finally asked, "what are we to do? How are we to escape him?"

Those words aroused Anita from her stupor, for they told her that if something was to be done to save them both she would have to do it, the man clinging to her, depending on her with a weakness not belonging to his sex.

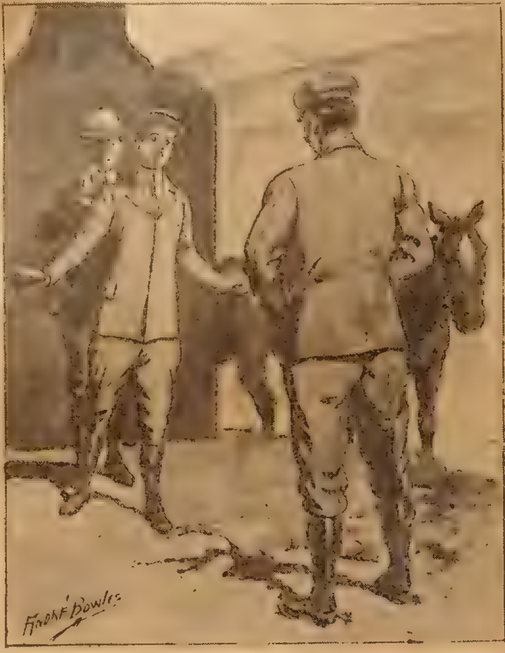
"We must leave at once, this very night," she answered, rising to her feet.

"Leave for where?"

"For Buenos Aires," was her hurried reply. "We must buy a couple of horses, no matter what the cost, and be on our way before morning."

"Horses?" he cried in amazement. "Why buy horses when we can go by either rail or water?"

"We must go by the old trail over the Andes, then overland through Argentina," she replied. "It is the only safe way of evading pursuit. Dioneza, if he recognized us tonight, will have both steamers and



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IF SO, You can become an AUTOMOBILE EXPERT like the man at the wheel above. Such Experts earn $35 to $50 per week, and are never out of a job. In a few weeks time we can train you, and assist you to better your position. Small down payment starts you. Valuable model of automobile free to every student. Write us for free sample of lessons, etc.

BUFFALO AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL
(The auto school that [illegible] to you)
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trains watched, while he may neglect the old fashioned means of travel—horses. We can but try."

"How will we know the route to follow? Besides, will you be able to stand the hardships of the trip?" he asked, seeing himself with a worn out, perhaps ill, woman on his hands in the wilds of an unknown country.

She smiled in contempt. How pitifully weak he was, this man she still loved.

"Have no fear, I can stand anything you can, may be more than you can. As to finding the route, I had it indicated to me yesterday by the new porter. Something seemed to warn me we would have need of knowing it. Trust me, I will lead you safely to Buenos Aires. From there, after we have cashed our drafts, we will make for Rio de Janiero, where we will take time to arrange our plans for the future."

"How about getting the horses? I do not know where to get them, and at this hour of the night it will be difficut to locate any."

Again she looked at him in contempt, then without a word of reply she went to the dresser, removed the blonde wig which covered her own hair, and, with only slight hesitation, let down her own magnificent tresses, then taking a pair of shears from the drawer she began to cut them ruthlessly, each click of the scissors as they cut the hair echoing in her heart, telling her vanity that one of her chief attractions was being sacrificed to their safety.

"What are you going to do?" he cried, trying to stop her.

She pushed him back with the answer:

"Let me be, Ricardo! It has to be done. Instead, get me that package over there on a chair," and she kept on with her heartbreaking task.

Subdued by the woman's resistless energy, Cabrenoza obeyed and brought her the package she had asked for.

"Open it," she said, still commanding.

Again he obeyed. The package contained a full suit of boy's clothes.

"Where did you get them?" he asked, surprised, beginning to guess her plan.

"I had the porter buy them for me," she answered, turning with a heart-sick feeling from her changed image reflected in the mirror. "I knew that some time or other the disguise would be needed." He said no more, watching her curiously as she changed her female attire for the clothes contained in the package. Soon she was fully dressed, resembling a youth of eighteen or twenty.

"Now, wait for me, here," she ordered, putting a hat over her short hair. "I will see about the horses," and she had slipped from the room and out of the hotel before he could realize what she was doing.

Half an hour later she returned. The man had fallen asleep while waiting. She looked at him a second wondering at his utter selfishness and indifference, leaving her, the supposedly weaker vessel, to bear all of the responsibility; then, shrugging her shoulders in resignation, she woke him up. An hour later they were speeding along the old trail over the Andes to Buenos Aires, abandoned to ordinary travel since the building of the Transandine Railway.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

An Inference.

Miggles—Come home and break bread with me tonight, old man?

Wiggles—No, thank you. My wife does her own baking, too.

Dr. Florestine's Ghost.

(Continued from page seven.)

shortly afterward purchased the house and have never regretted doing so.

As for theories, we are none of us sufficiently learned to promulgate any. We only affirm whereof we know and saw. But why? That, indeed, transcends speculation. We have studied into the matter somewhat in the line of telepathy, and of theosophy, along Oriental borderlands, and of psychical research, but generally succeeded only in puzzling ourselves, so that of late, on Nan's proposition, we have given up our investigations, such as they were, for more profitable pursuits.

Going Armed.

Smith walked up the street the other evening with a box of chocolates under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Hello, Smith," said Brown; "gone in for housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not, yet."

"What are you doing with those chocolates and meat, then?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to [illegible] with meat already?"

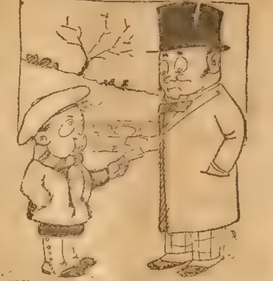
"Oh, no; the sweets are for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."

The Modern Way.

"I want to be a pirate when I grow up, Uncle Bob."

"Well, I understand there's money in it. What do you want to pirate, books or plays?"

A Worthy Object.



"Mister, won't you please buy a ticket?"

"Ticket for what?"

"For our church entertainment."

"What's the entertainment for?"

"To pay the expenses of an entertainment we had last week."

A Thing to be Desired.

"Scientists have succeeded in compressing a square meal into a cake the size of a soda cracker."

"That's fine, but it is not exactly what the world is crying for."

"Then what is it?"

"The world wants the price of a square meal compressed into a disk the size of a quarter."

Cure for Catarrh, Trial Package Free!

The Distress and Humiliation of Gagging, Spitting, Bad Breath and Hawking Are Quickly Cured.

Send Coupon Below With Your Name and Address Today for Free Trial Package of This Remarkable Treatment and Be Quickly Cured in the Privacy of Your Own Home.

Hr-a-w-kk!

Catarrh Victims Fearfully Nauseating to Those Who Are Near Them.

The Positive Cure for Catarrh Is The Gauss Treatment. A Free Trial, To Prove It, Is Sent to All Who Write For It.

There is nothing so nauseating as to have to sit next to a gagging catarrh victim, or to talk to one of them and have whiffs of bad catarrh breath constantly blown into your face. No man or woman suffering with catarrh can avoid these things because it is a part of the catarrh itself, though the victim may not realize or know that his very presence carries with it a certain garbage atmosphere. You can't smell your own breath, and you can seldom smell your own smell.

The constant spitting, and hacking, and nose-jerking is enough to make even the members of one's own family breathe a sigh of relief when the hawker closes the door behind him. Love itself wavers. [illegible] of regard for the afflicted one, little mention of his pollution is ever made to his face, and he must rely on his own misery and such plain talk as is contained in this article, to reach him and to cure him. There is a cure for this pestilence within the reach of every one. It was not always so. Catarrh has [illegible] fiercely through the years like a firebrand and in the eagerness to quench it, many useless things were given out as cures, but it remains now after the slow process of experimentation and discovery, to offer the positive, real cure, which has been born of ceaseless searching and common sense.

An Old Soldier Grateful.

Mr. Gauss, I have finished your treatment now, and I am completely cured. My wife says she cannot detect any of it left and says my catarrh is gone. She ought to know, for she is a graduated nurse. I am as truly grateful to you as an old soldier can be, for what your treatment has done for me, and certainly will recommend it to those whom I know are afflicted. You are certainly at liberty to use this if you want to in recommending your treatment to others. W. B. Plumb.

Catarrh Kills Thinking Power.

Gradual Clouding of the Brain and Loss of Memory Inevitable Result of Catarrh.

Catarrh anywhere in the head or throat or ear is right next to the brain. The catarrh germ grows fast, does an enormous amount of damage in its burrowings into bone and flesh and is difficult to destroy. There are thousands of little nerves that run from all parts of the face and head, to the brain. Some of these little nerves have to pass through probably a mass of catarrhal inflammations on the road to the brain. When they do they are weakened; and sometimes destroyed.

What affects the nerves is bound to affect the brain and when the nerves are deadened by constant catarrhal discharges there is bound to be a certain torpor or stupidity brought about in the brain of the victim. Thus follows sleeplessness, inability to think clearly or to connect ideas, loss of memory, lack of concentration, lack of presence of mind, and a wandering of thought.

If any man or woman imagines that these things do not affect their earning capacity,—their cheerfulness, and the esteem which their friends have for their brightness, they have little realization of the necessity of keeping the mind always clear. That is all there is to life.

[illegible] comparatively short time to cure this terrible disease by the Gauss common-sense treatment, and regain the flash and brilliancy of the normal brain, there is no good reason why one should not spend the two or three minutes it takes to cut out the coupon below and send it to C. E. Gauss and have him prove to you that he is right, and that he positively cures catarrh. The coupon below mailed now will bring you back by return mail a package of the wonderful Gauss treatment. It costs you absolutely nothing. Address C. E. Gauss, 9563 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

DEAFNESS CURED BY GAUSS.

When I wrote to you for your sample I was so deaf in either ear that I had to press a watch hard against them to hear a watch tick. But after taking your course of treatment my hearing came back and I can now hear the same watch tick fifteen feet away. Leon R. Atkin, Box 487, Petoskey, Mich.

A Glimpse of the Death Roll.

Catarrh In Many Cases Is The Real Death-Dealer.

Died of consumption aged 32.
Died of acute bronchitis, aged 60.
Died of pneumonia, aged 25.
Died of cancer, aged 51.

And so on down the list. Do you find a mention of catarrh? No, because catarrh as a rule does not directly cause many deaths. "Died of pneumonia," should better be "died of pneumonia caused by catarrh." The "caused by catarrh" is left off—what's the use. He's dead anyway. And so catarrh is looked upon as a disease of slight consequence by those who don't know. Over every catarrh sufferer, no matter whether he has been suffering a month or five years, there hangs a dark shadow which is pointing with its dark bony finger to the silent way. Will you follow it, or fight it?

Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment will save you, and avoid for you years of future misery. Gauss' Treatment permanently cures catarrh in the common-sense way. He proves it, too, with a free treatment he sends to you by return mail as soon as he receives the coupon at the bottom of this page. Cut out the coupon, fill in with your name and address and send today to C. E. Gauss, 9563 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

"Thank Heavens, We Have Such a Man as Gauss."

There is no case too serious for Mr. Gauss to consider; no case too slight for considerate attention; whoever writes to him receives a prompt reply; whatever questions are asked are answered, and advice is freely given. It is his liberal treatment of everyone, the broad view that he takes of everyone's whims and eccentricities, and his sympathy for the afflicted, that has so often brought forth in letters received from happy patients all over the land this sentiment, "Thank Heavens, we have such a man as Gauss."

It is not necessary to write a letter in asking for a free treatment. Just cut out the coupon at the bottom of this page and send it to C. L. Gauss, 9563 Main St., Marshall, Mich., and you will receive by return mail in plain sealed wrapper a free package of Gauss' Catarrh Treatment. It will cost you nothing, and put you under no obligation whatever. This is to prove to you at once what the treatment can do, even in the worst cases of catarrh.

United States Commissioner Heard From.

Having been absent for some time I now take the opportunity of answering your letter. I took the treatment as nearly as I could and would state that I am cured. It is the best catarrh medicine that I have ever taken, having tried everything that I could hear or read of; and I am thoroughly satisfied that it is the genuine remedy for catarrh and if ever I feel the effects of the disease coming back to me I should immediately order more of your treatment. Your medicine for taking internally I think is the best I have ever used for constipation or indigestion. You are at liberty to use the contents of this letter and any reference made to me will be cheerfully answered. Edward McCagherty, United States Commissioner, Warroad, Minn., Box 1.

Mankind's Benefactor.

What I have done for thousands of others I will do for you. I offer you my treatment **that will cure** catarrh, free of charge.

I can do no more—the matter lies entirely with your own good judgment. Simply fill out the coupon in the lower right hand corner—**mail it today,** and you receive a trial package of my remedy free. **That's all there is to it.** In a week's time you will be on the road to recovery.

C. E. GAUSS.

It Is Not Too Late.

Cut out the coupon below, fill in your name and address, and take courage. Do it willingly and with hope. Mail it to C. E. Gauss, 9563 Main St., Marshall, Mich., and you will get by return mail a free trial package of Gauss' Catarrh Treatment to prove that it will cure you.

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This coupon is good for a trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment, mailed free in plain package. Simply cut out the coupon, fill in blank lines with your name and address, and mail today, to

C. E. GAUSS, 9563 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

Name ....

Address ....

(Write Plainly)..

Boy's and Girl's Corner

THE BOY RAIDERS;

Or, Schooldays' Adventures

By PAUL GRAY

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Begun in No. 3, Jan. 21. Subscriptions can can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

PHIL BEATS THE TOUGHS.

BACK to the main street Lange made his way, absorbed in the problems with which his night's experiences had confronted him. He found it easy now to believe what he had heard of "Bud" Hicks' mighty "pull" in police circles. Hexter officials seemed either afraid or unwilling to interfere with the saloon and gaming house keeper. He regretfully decided that he could look for no aid from the police in shutting up the gambling room. Yet the place must be closed. The honor of Academy students demanded it. Hence Lange eagerly bent his keen and active young mind to the task.

As he turned from the main street to return to the dormitory, he casually noticed a pair of rough-looking fellows brush close to him and peer into his face. He thought nothing of the incident until, half a square farther on, he noted that they were following him. He was tempted once to turn and ask them their business when, at the next corner, the couple, hurrying up behind him, reached his side. In the gloom he could see that both men were husky-framed and ugly-faced.

"Say, young feller," began one of them as he put out a hand to stay Phil's progress, "be you livin' up t' the 'Cademy?"

Lange thrust aside the detaining hand.

"What affair is it of yours?" he demanded, as he pushed on across the street.

"Ain't yer name Lange—Phil Lange?" persisted the first speaker, as he again caught up with the senior.

"And that's none of your business, either," declared Phil, who had scented trouble at the first query.

Before he could reach the walk again, one of the men darted in front of him.

"You won't tell us, eh? Then take that!" and he swung his gnarled and clenched fist toward the senior's face.

But Phil was not taken unawares. He saw the blow coming—for he had expected some such attack—and drew back his head so quickly that, instead of landing squarely on his jaw, at which it had been aimed, it grazed his cheek, only ruffling the skin.

Before the assailants could renew the attack, Phil whirled and sent his fist crashing into the nose of the man who had swung at him. The blow, powerful and surprising, did full credit to his reputation as the best boxer in the Academy, for it drove the fellow in a heap to the walk, with a red stream dripping from his proboscis.

Nor did Phil overlook the second man who was threatening him. Leaning back to evade a blow aimed at his face, he lunged forward with all the power of a star halfback charging an opposing football line and sunk his head into the man's abdomen. The latter tumbled backward with a howl of pain.

"You pair of worthies can now go back to 'Bud' Hicks, your owner, and tell him that tactics of this or any other kind can't stop me from making him close up his joint," and Phil went the rest of the way home undisturbed, while the two thugs, rubbing their sore spots, rose slowly and went back downtown to report their encounter to the gaming-house keeper. But according to their version, Lange went home a bruised and crumpled wreck, and a fit subject for a hospital.

"I begin to see a great light," muttered Phil, as he reached the campus. "The cop tells Hicks about my complaint and Hicks tells the chief of police. Then after I've told the latter all I will, he tips Hicks to my name and looks. Then Hicks sends out his two bruisers to beat me up as a warning to quit my fight. Quit?" and Phil smiled to himself. "Why, I haven't begun to fight yet!"

Before going in, he slipped along the dormitory wall until he stood under the windows of Lester's room. Reaching out in the darkness, he swept his hand along the wall until, hanging against the rain-trough, he grasped the knotted rope.

"Isn't it a shame?" he blurted to himself. "After all my threats and talk, those boys will persist in breaking the rules."

He went back to his room more determined than ever in his campaign against Hicks. Teddy Jenks was doubled up over a Greek lesson when Phil entered.

"Who hit you, Phil?" he exclaimed, noting the broken skin on his roommate's cheek.

"A couple of bruisers I met down the street," responded Phil as he went to the mirror and surveyed his face. Then after some prodding he told the occurrences of the night.

"Up against it, I guess, eh?" was the comment of Jenks, as he looked sympathetically at his chum.

"Not by a jugful," replied Lange with decision. "We're going into a real fight now."

"Who do you mean by 'we'?"

"Oh, about a dozen of the best boys in the Academy."

"Me, too?"

"Sure, if you want to."

"And what're you going to do?" asked Teddy enthusiastically.

"I'll tell you altogether," was the noncommittal reply as Phil bent to his studies.

The following night Lange again took his stand where he could note the persons who entered the "Bonton" Cafe and he was as grieved as on the previous night when he saw Lester and Farson and Flynn disappear behind the tabooed doors. Then he tramped back to the alley and cast his eyes up at those rear second-story windows. The lights showed behind the curtains. Likewise he observed that the uncurtained section through which he had secured his view of the interior from his perilous perch on the roof was covered with a newspaper.

"Hicks evidently begins to suspect how I got my information about his game," muttered Lange. "Well, I guess I know enough for the present."

And again the next night Phil was back on his solitary watch. And again he was disturbed to see Academy boys enter the Hicks' place and again the bright lights shone dully through the curtains of the second floor back room.

"That settles it," the watcher said to himself. "The police have had their chance and evidently don't intend to do anything. 'Bud' Hicks' 'pull' is too much for them. Well, tomorrow I see the mayor."

CHAPTER X.

PHIL SEES THE MAYOR.

So the next afternoon Phil called at the city hall. It was not easy to get the mayor's ear. His private secretary wanted to insist on knowing Lange's mission before admitting him to the presence of the city's executive but Phil's quiet persistence finally won him the interview he sought.

Without looking up from his desk, the mayor blurted:

"Well, sir."

"My name is Phil Lange," began the student as, hat in hand, he approached the city's chief executive. "I'm a senior in Hexter Academy and I've come here to lodge a complaint against the police."

The mayor looked up with a blended expression of surprise and annoyance upon his face.

"You're not a permanent resident here then?" was the official's brusque rejoinder.

"Yes, eight months in the year?"

"But your parents do not live here?" said the mayor, half-questioningly, half-decidedly.

"No," Phil admitted promptly.

"How old are you?" was the next query aimed at Lange.

"Past seventeen."

"And what is your complaint?" The official's gruff tone was distinctly discouraging, but Phil was determined to see his mission through. With a consciseness that won the close attention of the man at the desk, he said:

"That the morals and purses of some of our Academy boys are suffering because 'Big Bud' Hicks is allowed to run openly a gambling game in this town, and the police who are fully informed as to the place are making no effort to close it up."

"How do you know this?"

"I've seen the room, and what's more I've seen these young men cheated by old gamblers."

"But isn't it against Academy rules for students either to enter a saloon or gambling place?"

Phil sensed opposition to his request in the attitude of the mayor. Concluding that he would gain nothing by a conciliatory position, he did not try to suppress the feeling of belligerency that rose within him.

"Yes, it is against the rules, but—"

Before the boy could complete his statement, the mayor broke in:

"Then why don't you complain to President Hastings?"

"First, because I want to save the boys from open disgrace and possible suspension; second, because it is the sworn duty of your city administration to close up that place and to keep it closed. It's against the law."

The mayor darted a look of anger at the young man and his mouth opened as if to voice some sharp retort. Then he evidently thought better of it for his tone was distinctly placatory when, after a moment's pause, he declared:

"Yes, young man, but there are many things against the law which we still must allow."

"And permit young men to be tempted into wrong-doing?" asked Phil significantly.

"Well, we can't be too stringent."

"And so you're willing to let it be known that you cannot or will not close the Hicks' place?" insinuated Phil, looking keenly into the eyes of the executive.

"You're putting it pretty broadly, young man," was the reply accompanied with an attempt at a smile.

"Well, I've been to Hicks and to the police in an effort to get something done and I get scant satisfaction. Now I've come to you. You're the man of last appeal, and as such I appeal to you to do right in this matter if only for the sake of the boys."

Phil's plea was evidently not without some weight for the mayor drew thoughtfully on his cigar several times before he ventured any reply. Then he said quite kindly:

"You'll have to give me time to think the matter over."

"That's just what the chief of police said to me, but I've waited two days and there is no indication that he has made a single move to better things."

The mayor gave no sign that he had known of Phil's demand upon Hicks and the police within an hour after they had been made. Instead he went on calmly:

"Well, things like this must be looked into carefully."

"But," insisted Phil, leaning over till he could look squarely into the eyes of the city's head and putting a slow deliberation into his words that made that individual's mouth twitch, "if Bud Hicks, instead of belonging to your political clique, happened to be a member of the opposite party, you'd close up his joint might quick, wouldn't you?"

"That's an impertinent question, young man; I shan't answer it," declared the mayor, rising abruptly as if to indicate that the interview was at an end.

"Then you refuse to act on my request, eh?" persisted Phil.

"As I have told you, sir, I'll have to look into the matter. If on investigation I find that there is any foundation to your story, I'll probably take some action," and the

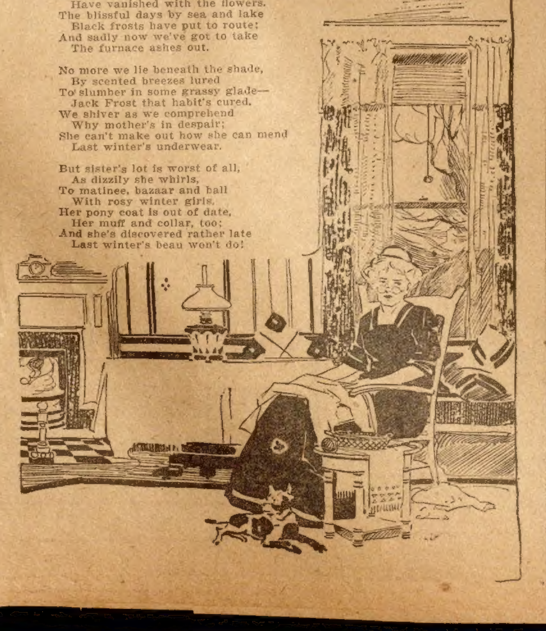
---

Winter Hardships

Bleak winds the shivering world have
chilled;
The russet, golden hours
That were with saddened beauty filled
Have vanished with the flowers.
The blissful days by sea and lake
Black frosts have put to route;
And sadly now we've got to take
The furnace ashes out.

No more we lie beneath the shade,
By scented breezes lured
To slumber in some grassy glade—
Jack Frost that habit's cured.
We shiver as we comprehend
Why mother's in despair;
She can't make out how she can mend
Last winter's underwear.

But sister's lot is worst of all,
As dizzily she whirls,
To matinee, bazaar and ball
With rosy winter girls.
Her pony coat is out of date,
Her muff and collar, too;
And she's discovered rather late
Last winter's beau won't do!



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mayor turned his back on Lange and directed his attention to other business.

"Very well, sir," said Phil, moving toward the door, "I'll try to be patient." Then with his hand on the knob he concluded significantly: "But I warn you fairly that my patience won't stretch more than forty-eight hours." Thus the interview ended.

Phil's nightly journey downtown was repeated on Thursday evening and again on Friday evening. Both nights he saw Academy boys enter the forbidden doors and beheld the light in the windows of "Bud" Hicks' upper back room.

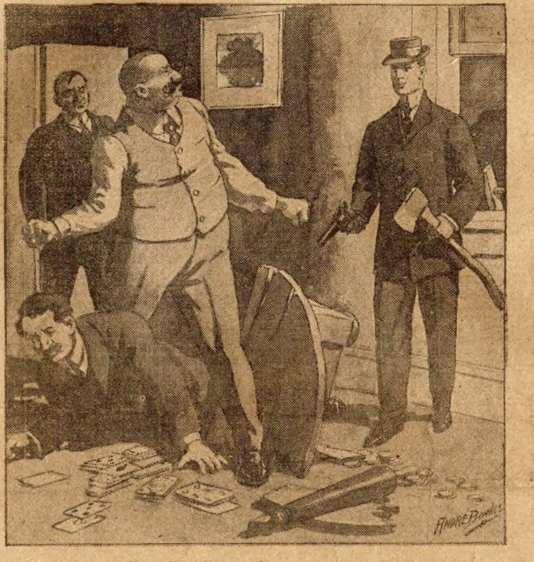
"Well, my kick was without effect," he muttered, as he made his way thoughtfully back to the dormitory Friday night, "so there's only one thing left for me to do—and I'll do it tomorrow night."

Back in his room, he wrote down the names of fifteen boys in the Academy whom he knew he could trust.

"Teddy," he said, turning the list over to his roommate, "I want you to ask all these fellows to meet in our room here tomorrow night at 8 o'clock sharp for important business."

Jenks looked the list over and exclaimed: "What's the important business, Phil?"

"I'll tell you, kid, because you know a good deal about it already, but I don't want you to breathe a hint of it to any one else. I don't want my plans spoiled by any tattler. It's that gambling joint."



"We will visit you—but not as patrons!"

"What you going to do?" asked Teddy with popping eyes.

"You'll have to wait to hear with the rest of the bunch," he replied, and no amount of questioning would induce him to reveal further information.

Saturday was a busy time for Phil. One of his first missions was to visit old Jim Mullins, the venerable caretaker of the Academy.

"Jim," he began readily, "you've got a ladder among your duds, haven't you?"

"Sure, Mr. Lange, I've got a ladder."

"Well, I want to borrow it for a while tonight. Can I have it?"

"A ladder, sir? You be'ant goin' to do no house-breakin', be you?" the old man asked in mock alarm.

"You'll have to go it blind about that, Jim, because it's a secret, you see," responded Phil with an answering smile.

"If it was Halloween time, sir, I'd suspect 'twant for no good use you wuz a-borrowing, an' ef it wuz anybody 'cept you, sir, ez the hull school looks up to, I'd say 'no' outright but 'ith you, I guess I kin afford to take a chance." The old man, strict, yet with traces of boyish spirit still left, grinned broadly.

"And an axe, too," went on Phil: "can I have that, too?"

"Sounds like you wuz goin' either to jine th' Hexter fireboys or wuz gettin' ready to 'lope 'ith some purty town gal," responded the caretaker with a shrewd glance from his wrinkled eyes.

"Two guesses," laughed Lange, "and both wrong. I can't allow you a third."

"Oh, well, be sure t' take good keer o' them an' fetch 'em back safe an' I reckon you kin hev 'em. You'll find 'em in th' tool shed w'en you want 'em."

Then Phil invaded Bobby Lester's room. Though it was 10 o'clock, Bobby and his roommate Farson were just crawling out of bed.

"Up late last night?" he queried significantly.

"Yes, a little," replied Lester hesitantly.

"Used the rope ladder to get in with, I suppose?" Phil went on, his face showing contempt.

The roommates evaded both Lange's question and face.

"Still going pretty steadily down to Hicks' place, eh, Bobby?" the visitor continued sarcastically.

"How do you know?" Bobby summoned up enough spirit to inquire.

"I'm blamed sorry that I've got to admit that I do," answered Lange sternly. Then without waiting for any rejoinder, he proceeded warningly. "But I want to give you both a valuable piece of advice—Don't go near that joint tonight for if you do, you'll certainly land in a bushel of trouble. And I'd advise you to pass the same word of advice along to the rest of your gambling friends," and without waiting for any reply Phil abruptly left the room.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ASSAULT OF THE RAIDERS.

An air of suppressed excitement pervaded Hexter Academy throughout that Saturday. Young men who had been summoned to meet in Lange's room at night eagerly discussed among themselves his possible object and boys who had been warned not to go near the Bonton Cafe trembled in fear lest the penalty of exposure was about to be visited upon them.

But throughout the day, Phil held his peace. No quizzing could draw from him the barest hint of his purpose. To all inquirers he returned the stereotyped reply: "Wait and see."

So it came to Saturday night. Many suppers were gulped down in the diningroom, for some of the students whom Teddy had summoned began to gather in Phil's room long before 7 o'clock, and every last man was on hand long before 8. Monnett and Williams were among them, but every other frequenter of the Hicks' room was rigidly barred.

The invited students filled the little room to the crowding point. They sprawled over the couch, filled all the chairs, sat on the window sills and stretched themselves across the bed. Teddy, himself, perched on the dresser.

Despite the crush Phil insisted on closing and locking the door of his room, which action increased the excitement well toward fever heat.

"Fellows," he began quietly with his back against the door, "there isn't a man here that isn't proud of Hexter Academy, is there?"

A resounding "No" was the instant response.

"Quietly there," Lange warned with finger in air. Then when peace was restored, he went on: "Well, it's to retain our pride in the Academy that I've invited you here tonight."

The listeners moved uneasily at the vague hint, but kept their eyes strained on the speaker.

"A bunch of our fellows here—I don't propose to mention their names—have been persistently breaking Academy rules by frequenting a place in town against which there is an iron-clad ban. If 'Prexy' knew of it, it would not only break the old man's heart but it would also bring disgrace on the school and lead to the prompt expulsion of the guilty boys."

As Lange paused, the crowd breathed hard and looked shocked.

"But the fault is not altogether the boys'. The place they have been going to—I hate to tell it but it's only fair that you should know—is the gambling room kept by 'Big Bud' Hicks, down on Main street. It's run against the law and the law won't take any measures to close it up."

Then as the students listened in amazement and admiration, Phil narrated briefly how he had first discovered the gambling room and how he had urged and warned the city officials to close it up.

"But it still runs," he proceeded, "and in spite of my caution to our boys who frequent it, they are still going down there to lose their money. So, for the honor of the Academy and of the fellows themselves, I've decided that we ought to do what the law here won't—close up that crooked hole. But I can't do it all alone—I've got to have some help. Will you give it to me?"

"Yes," "You bet we will," "We're with you to the end," "Lead us on," were some of the excited cries that Phil distinguished among the chorus of favorable responses. Then, the hubbub subsiding, one voice was heard: "What's your plan?"

"I don't want a man here," declared Lange, looking into every face intent upon his own, "to join in this little expedition who has any qualms about it. Personally I feel that everything fair has been done to close up that joint. But since it all has failed, I reckon we're justified in doing the next best thing. And the next best thing is this—"

But let us see how Lange's scheme actually worked out.

It was tolling 9 o'clock when the crowd that gathered in Phil's room—not a student balked at his proposition—made their way downtown by twos and three to meet ten minutes later in the dark alley in the rear of "Bud" Hicks' cafe. Almost upon their heels arrived Monnett and Williams bearing the borrowed ladder between them, with Lange in the rear, carrying an axe upon his shoulder.

The ladder was set up against the shed in the rear of the cafe. Then Phil whispered to the crowd:

"Now our success will depend upon the speed with which this thing is done. We don't want to give Hicks a chance to summon help—he's always got an ugly bunch of hangers-on about his place."

"Lead us to them," chortled one excited student.

"Steady, there," cautioned Phil. "Let's not get too chesty."

"Now, you Williams and Monnett," he hurried on, "you two have got the entree by the front door to that room, so just hustle round the corner and get in. As soon as you hear us, lock the door and stand guard over it so that no one can get in—or no one get out. D'you understand?"

"Exactly," and the next minute the pair had turned the corner of the alley into the street.

"Now, fellows, follow me," ordered Phil, as he bounded lightly to the roof of the shed.

In a jiffy fifteen students had scrambled to the sloping boards and clung there, heads ducked so that they could not be seen in the shadow.

Lange dropped the axe to the ground in the narrow yard that lay between the shed and the rear wall of the cafe. Every minute he cast his eyes up at the curtained second-floor windows and inwardly exulted that the lights behind them appeared to be burning brightly.

"Now hoist away," he instructed, taking hold of the ladder and in the eager grasp of fourteen other pairs of hands, it was drawn across the roof and gently lowered within the yard.

Phil was first down its rungs but was quickly followed by the rest of his party. Teddy Jenks, in his haste, missed the last three steps and landed on his feet with a jar.

"Gee," he stuttered, "I bit my tongue."

"That's a hint you shouldn't talk so much," whispered Lange.

The general chuckle that went round at the retort served to break the tenseness of the situation. Thereafter the party looked as if it was bound for play instead of war.

The ladder was cautiously shifted to the brick wall, it upper end reaching a point just below the sill of one of the gaming room windows.

Phil had to strike a match to find the axe and as he grabbed it up, he heard a commotion in the room above them.

"That's Williams and Monnett reaching the scene, I imagine," he murmured; "now it's time for us to make our entrance."

"Line up, fellows," he ordered, "and follow me. Don't hurt anybody but be sure not to let anybody hurt you. Keep as close behind me as you can, get in and do your work as fast as you can and get away as fast as you can. We'll all meet on the campus as soon after we get out of here as we can."

Lange mounted a half dozen steps on the ladder and then turned his head to look back at his followers. They were huddled behind him in a compact line.

"Now," he leaned over and whispered so that every strained ear could hear him, "for the honor of Hexter Academy and its boys. Forward."

Clutching the axe firmly in one hand, he guided himself quickly with the other to the top of the ladder. Then he stood silent for a moment, listening to the raucous voices of the men within the curtained room and allowing his supporters a chance to close up behind him.

Satisfied that the crucial point had arrived, he drew back the axe above his head and with a powerful swing crashed it against the lower sash of the window.

As speedily as his athletic young arm could wield the weapon, he brought it back and splintered the jagged panes again. Then, still gripping the axe, he lifted himself to the sill and bounded into the room.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WRECK AT THE "BONTON."

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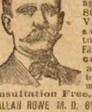

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they looked up to see the shining edge of an axe protruding through the rent curtain.

"Police! We're raided!" was the hoarse cry that they bellowed forth as, grasping the money lying on the tables before them, they rose and fled toward the inner door, even before the head of the first invader showed through the severed window.

But escape by that route was interrupted. Observing Lange's instructions closely, Monnett and Williams had entered the gaming room from the front entrance. Amid the noisy welcome extended to them—for they, like the rest of the frequenters from the Academy, were regarded as "easy money"—both students were relieved to note that none of their fellows were at the tables. They were nervous onlookers until they heard the first splinter of glass in the window. Then they darted toward the door, quickly turned the key and stood with backs braced against the panels.

But, though they were favored in this move of Monnett and Williams, the Academy raiders braced against the panels.

Their invasion took place at a time when "Bud" Hicks was in the room. All week the burly proprietor had been in ugly mood. Through channels to which he had access he had learned of the complaints and threats of Lange, though he had no idea they were anything more than the idle bluffs of a vigorous young man. Moreover, he had been reassured of the improbability of any immediate action against him from the report of his two thug emissaries who insisted that their encounter with Phil had made him a candidate for bed for at least a week.

He knew the first cry of "Police" from his alarmed patrons could not be right, for his influence with the force precluded such bold and unexpected action. The attack, it flashed across his heavy brain, must come from Academy boys. That being so, he lowered his face into ugly defiance and inwardly vowed he'd make them pay dearly for the raid.

"Don't be scared!" he shouted, as Lange bounded into the room and he had a chance to see who the invaders really were, "they're not police, only Academy boys!"

In the same instant he drew a revolver from his pocket and raised it aloft. But before he could use it further Lange lunged forward, caught his heavy wrist and wrenched it sharply upward. Then, catching the cafe-keeper's foot with his toe, he jerked it forward, at the same time giving Hicks a vigorous shove backward. The big man tilted on one foot, lost his balance and went toppling to the floor. His weapon flew across the room, where it was seized upon by one of the boys who had followed Lange.

When Phil turned from his encounter with the proprietor, the room was a struggling mass of men. The patrons of the place, reassured by a sight of the raiders, showed a disposition to fight back. In this they were not discouraged one whit by the Academy boys who shot out right and left with their fists and sent the most pugnacious of the men in a heap to the floor.

Two, regularly employed by Hicks to conduct his gaming room, were less easy to overcome than the rest. One of them drew a pistol, which was speedily knocked from his grasp. The other, with eyes ablaze and fists lashing about like a busy flail, tore into the group of students as though bent on annihilating them all. But both men were soon grabbed from behind and held powerless.

"Here, you," called Phil to two of the huskiest in his party, "sit on this gentleman on the floor and keep him quiet," for Hicks, recovering from the stun of his sudden fall, was seeking to rise.

But he fell back promptly when one muscular student landed on his shoulders and another on his knees.

In the moment of quiet that fell upon the crowded room when it was realized that the raiders had won the upper hand, Phil Lange spoke.

"Now, men," he began "we don't mean harm to any of you, but we're giving you fair warning that we're chanting the death knell of this hole. Here's the first note," and he raised the axe and brought it keen edge down on the top of one of the tables. The blow was forcible enough to send it in two broken halves to the floor. Other blows reduced it to a complete wreck. Then the second table, the chairs, a sideboard and a wall cabinet, where cards and chips were stored, were added to the debris.

"Now, boys, out with it," and Phil, setting the example, threw open another window and began tossing the wreckage to the yard below.

The rest of his crowd joined heartily in the task of clearing the room of its furnishings. Football was never thrown about the gridiron with such reckless zest.

"Now out with you all," Phil called to his fellows, at the same moment catching up Hicks' revolver and backing up to the wall between the windows.

As the boys started to scramble down the ladder, Phil raised the weapon so that it commanded Hicks, his two associates and his patrons.

"Now, I don't want to have to fire this," he said firmly, "and I won't as long as you people don't move. But if you do—" he twisted the gun in a threatening way.

The last student out of the room, Lange listened to the clatter of the wreckage as it was hurled over the shed into the alley. Then he cast his eyes down at the prostrate proprietor.

"Hicks," he said, with a trace of bitterness in his voice, "I hated to do this, but it was the only way. Let it be a warning. Just as often as you allow our Academy boys up here again, just as often you'll have a lot of damaged furniture. And maybe," here the barest trace of a grin showed in the senior's face, "maybe, if you open up here again at all, we'll visit you—but not as patrons."

Hicks scowled savagely, but said not a word.

A shrill whistle sounded from below. Coincident with Phil's "All right" came the clatter of feet at the door. The door handle turned briskly and the pressure against the panels made them creak.

Lange instantly realized that help was at hand for Hicks. He debated not on the order of his going, but including every occupant of the room in the swing of the revolver which he held, he backed to the window, settled his feet on the topmost rung of the ladder and then, weapon held in teeth, he slid precipitately to the ground.

Two boys aided him in removing the ladder from wall to shed. Then as the three, the rear-guard of the raiders, scrambled to the top of the shed and drew the ladder after them, they heard the inner door of the gaming room open. Instantly the windows were filled with the heads of Hicks' enraged retainers. But they were impotent save for the utterance of sundry threats.

Taking careful aim, Phil hurled the revolver he had taken back through the window into the room.

"Now, fellows, back to the campus with our booty," he called to his followers.

Instantly a quiet and orderly but motley procession started for the Academy grounds. Across their shoulders students carried with many a chuckle the ruins of the night's excursion. Some had table legs, others table tops or worsted chairs, while still others bore the jagged remains of the costly sideboard. Bringing up the rear were Monnett and Williams with the ladder and Phil with the axe.

The retreat need not have been as hasty as the boys made it. There was no attempt at pursuit. "Bud" Hicks, rising from the floor, surveyed the wreck of his room and then the crowd of frequenters who had started to file silently out.

"Well," he grunted, "the whelps done a good job, anyway."

Then, to escape the storm he felt would break over Hexter when word of the raid became public, he quietly sneaked out of town and did not show his face again for two weeks.

The march of the triumphant raiders ended at a vacant spot on the Academy campus where the night's booty was heaped high and a match applied to it. As the flames mounted, the little party of Lange was quickly joined by the remainder of the students, who came trooping out of the dormitory to join the laughing, shouting group that in a sinuous line was encircling the blaze.

First among those to appear were Bobby Lester and Dick Farson. Lange called the former promptly aside.

"Bobby," he said kindly, "that fire yonder needs just one article to make it complete. Go up to your room and get it."

And Bobby, shame-faced but secretly relieved, was back almost in a jiffy with a bundle that he hurled energetically into the midst of the flames. Lange breathed a sigh of satisfaction when he saw the fire catch in the knotted rope.

The end.

The Baffled Detective.

(Continued from page four.)

All at once Cumberford was jerked from the chair and then thrown back into it with a force that seemed to loosen every bone in his anatomy. He looked helplessly into Cushman King's face and stuttered hotly.

"You won't, eh?" cried King. "I ought to batter your face and render you unpresentable in fashionable society. You're a low, mean wretch; your wealth is your god. You haven't looked beyond an innocent girl for your infernal stone!" and Cumberford was shaken till his teeth chattered.

He dared not cry out for fear of rendering his position still more miserable, and when Cushman King was through with him, he was a helpless wreck in the chair.

"This is but the first lesson unless you relent," flashed the young man, suddenly releasing his victim. "I don't care a snap for the sapphire. I hope it is gone for good, and may the devil take its owner sooner than he hoped to get him!"

With this finishing touch King whirled on his heel and paced into the hall. As he reached the corridor he happened to glance up the broad staircase and beheld midway, like a statue of loveliness, a woman dressed all in dainty white.

It was the elegant Miss Hobbs.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very dramatic happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

The Drummer's Sermon.

"Certainly I will make a few remarks," said the cigar salesman who, because of his solemn garb, had been mistaken for a man of cloth. Ascending to the platform, he said:

"Men are like cigars. Often you cannot tell by the wrapper what the filler is. Sometimes a good old stogie is more popular than imported celebrity. Some men are all right in the showcase, on display, but are great disappointments when you get them home. No matter how fine a man is, eventually he meets his match. A two-fer often puts on as many airs as a 50-center. Some men never get to the front at all except during campaigns. Some are very fancy outside and are selected for presents. Others have rough exterior, but spread cheer and comfort about them because of what is inside. But all men, as all cigars, good or bad, two-fers, stogies, rich or poor, come to ashes at last."

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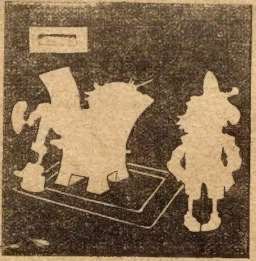
FOR
YOUTHFUL EYES

Poor Pussy!



"Paw, maw told me to tell you the cat ate all the salad she made for you."

"The poor thing! But don't cry. Jones has two cats and I know he'll give us another."

JACK NORTON.

"I don't see in the first place what induced you to put a half-grown boy in such a responsible position," said Mrs. Young. "I was sure no good would come of it, and you see I was right."

Mr. Young sighed.

"It is a sad business, I confess, but in spite of my suspicions I like the fellow; he seems so straightforward that it is hard to believe him capable of dishonesty."

"Why don't you speak plainly to him? He must see that something is wrong."

"There's the trouble. Jack's as proud as a prince; he'd leave on the spot and starve without a sign. Just fancy our Ned in such a plight!"

"I can't," said Mrs. Young, with a shudder, and she spoke truly for healthy, hearty Ned, with not a care in life, was very different from the serious, thoughtful boy who sat at his desk in Mr. Young's office through long days of monotonous routine.

Jack Norton was only 14, but he was quick and adaptable, and Mr. Young had no fault to find until recently, when things seemed to go wrong.

Certain business firms with whom he dealt complained that their orders were not properly attended to, and as Jack had entire charge of the correspondence and the mailing of the letters, it was natural Mr. Young should think of him in connection with his difficulties. Upon this very morning he had received more complaints, so he felt a warning word was necessary.

"I hope you are very careful about mailing these letters each day, Jack," he said, as he began to dictate his usual budget.

Jack looked up quickly.

"Of course, sir. I always drop them in the chute just outside the door. Is there anything wrong?"

"Well, the fact is, some of them have never been received, and people are growing impatient. Perhaps you may have dropped a few in mailing." Jack shook his head.

"I don't think so. I'm very particular, Mr. Young. It must be the fault of the mails."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Young doubtfully, as he went on with the day's work. But things went from bad to worse, one offense or two might be the fault of the postoffice, but when more than a dozen letters, some of them containing checks, had failed to reach their destinations, why then it was time to seek nearer home.

Without saying a word to his wife, he engaged a detective to look into the matter. All that any one knew was that the quiet gray-haired man was a new clerk, and he fell so easily into the plan that no one paid much attention to him.

Jack, however, was quick to see that things were not as they once were. Gradually the special correspondence was withdrawn from him, though Mr. Young tried to hide this by giving him extra work to fill up the time. These letters had been his pride, but he said nothing, only he grew listless and low-spirited, and at last began to look really ill.

At length he could stand the strain no longer, and announced quietly to Mr. Young that he would like to leave as soon as some one could be found to take his place.

"Well, we'll talk of that later," said Mr. Young kindly. "I hope you are not dissatisfied."

"No, no—only, I'd like to go, please."

"Perhaps you'll not mind waiting until after the repairs are finished. We are going to have work done here and I should like to be ship-shape before a new hand comes in. I shall be sorry to have you go," he said courteously.

"Thank you," said Jack simply.

On the whole, Mr. Young was relieved, and said as much to the detective.

"You are doing that boy an injustice," said the gray-haired man impressively. "I haven't lost sight of him for six weeks and have never caught him in a suspicious act."

"I hope you are right," returned Mr. Young, "but I must have proof."

And proof came soon enough, when the office was turned into a wilderness. Walls were torn down, floors pulled up, and the office force were huddled anywhere out of the workmen's way.

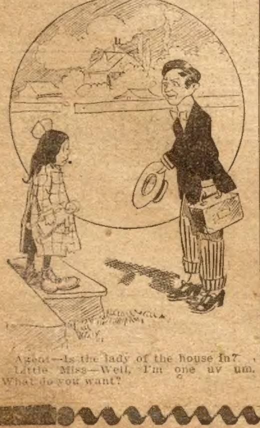
Mr. Young wished a larger entrance to his quarters, and this necessitated careful shifting of the electric buttons and tubes around the old door. Mr. Young was standing by one morning, watching the excavation.

"Hello!" cried one of the men, "there's a stoppage here—a hole on one side of the chute, all choked up with something—letters!" he exclaimed, shoving in his hand and bringing out a dusty pile. "It's a streak of luck we found it in time—a defective chute's an ugly thing."

Mr. Young said nothing; he took the letters quietly into his office and locked the door.

Of course, Jack did not leave; the clearing of the mystery made him feel more comfortable, and his old work came back to him, when the gray-haired clerk went away, but he often wondered at Mr. Young's fatherly interest in him, and never could understand why his salary was raised when he had done nothing to deserve it.

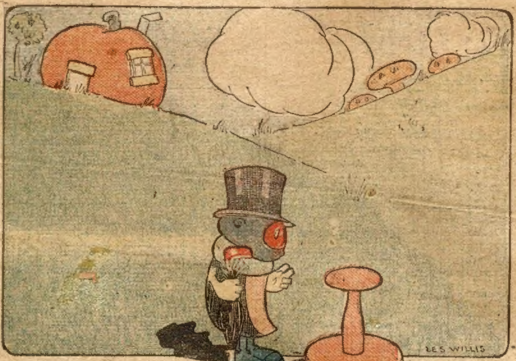
A Little Lady.



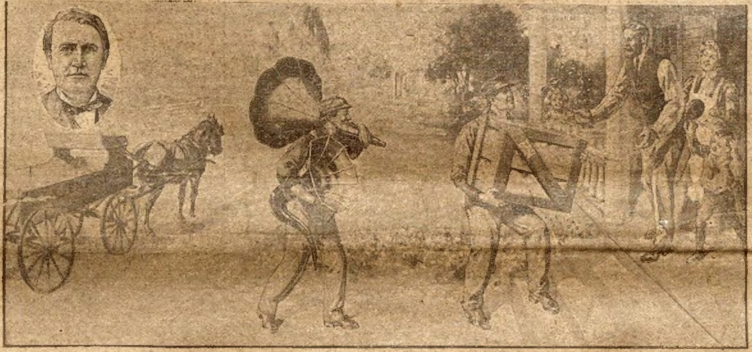
Agent—Is the lady of the house in?

Little Miss—Well, I'm one uv um. What do you want?

COLLAR BUTTON



Billy Bug (looking at the collar button)—Well, this is luck! Mary asked me only this morning to bring her home a piano stool.



Look at the happy family on the door steps of their home. The girl laughing; the boy shouting; father and mother all in smiles. And the cause of it all! Look at the goods the expressmen are bringing—one is carrying the horn, and inside the big secure box is an Edison phonograph. The list of selected records are also in that box. Soon the resonance of these records will be filling that happy home—soon this delighted family (and their neighbors too) will be listening to the best selections from Grand Opera records by the world's most famous singers—they will be laughing also at the funny stories, and side splitting minstrel jokes—and they will all be singing the latest popular songs and whistling the newest rag-time pieces. Yes, it is the genuine Edison, the world's master-piece of automatic music. It is shipped to this home free in a special offer for a series of free concerts.

Wouldn't *YOU* Like to Have

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FREE?

Yes, FREE—I mean it, absolutely and unconditionally FREE. I don't ask one cent deposit of any kind. Just keep your money right in your own pocket. All I ask is that you let me **loan** you one of these latest style Edison Phonographs, with your choice of records, which I want you to take right into your own home and treat as though it were your own. There is no obligation attached on your part in any way. My reasons for making this **free loan** offer are fully explained further on in this advertisement.

MY REASONS: You can readily see that if you will invite your neighbors in to hear these entertaining free concerts, perhaps one or more of them will want to purchase one of these phonographs, and if you will be so kind as to inform them that they may have their choice of any of the various models, complete with records for only $2.00 a month—**only $2 a month**—I may be able to sell several outfits as a result of this free loan offer I make you. But even though none of your friends should want one of these outfits, there has been no harm done. I am just as glad I sent it on the free loan offer anyway, as each one who hears it will be a walking advertisement for me, and I will feel you have done me a favor in having made it possible for your neighbors to have heard the instrument. There are absolutely no strings to this offer. I simply ask you to let me send one of my latest models on this free loan plan, and then, after you are through with it ship it back at **my expense.**

The Editor of this paper unreservedly recommends that you take advantage of this free loan offer, as he is familiar with the Edison Phonograph and knows of nothing which will give more cheer, entertainment or pleasure to the home. At my home we have not only kept up to date with all the late music, but when our friends drop in to spend the evening, we are never at a loss to make their call intensely enjoyable. There is positively no obligation on you in taking advantage of this free loan offer. I advise you to send in the free coupon for the free Edison Catalogs at once.—EDITOR.

AND THEN FREE Concerts in Your Own Home

And then, I want you to call your family together and invite your neighbors in and have some **free concerts.**

I want you to hear the greatest ballad singers of the age sing the latest sentimental and soul-stirring compositions of our great song writers.

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I want you to hear the world-famous Grand Opera singers, the side-splitting **minstrel jokes,** funny stories, "dog-fight," and hundreds of other picked records from our list of over 10,000 selections.

I only wish I could join you in these concerts myself, and shake hands with each member of the cheerful group around the family fireside, and meet you all face to face. It is just such gatherings as these which makes life so full of that indescribable something which so sanctifies the home, and contributes so generously to that idea love of home which is the most substantial bulwark of our great and glorious nation!

Yes, I Would Like Nothing Better than to be with you, and join you all in singing the chorus of one of the old favorites like "*The Old Oaken Bucket*," with its beautiful orchestral accompaniment, your daughters, your sons and your own voices blending in **sweet harmony**—A thrill of genuine contentment and an almost **new interest in life** would take possession of you; and under the emotional influence of that grandest of God's gift to man—music—you would come up to me and thank me from the bottom of your heart. You would thank me for having gladdened your home with a practical demonstration of what this wonderful Edison Phonograph will really do.

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